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SIR ROBERT HARRY INGLIS, BART., D. C. L.

&c. &c. &c.

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THE

PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN PRIZE POEM
RECITED IN THE THEATRE AT OXFORD,
A. D. 1789.

BY

THE LATE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING,

OF CHRIST CHURCH;

AFTERWARDS SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS,
CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER,
AND FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY.

THE

PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA.

WHAT holy rites Mohammed's laws ordain;
What various duties bind his faithful train;
What pious zeal his scatter'd tribes unites
In fix'd observance of these holy rites;
At Mecca's shrine what votive crowds surround
With annual pomp the consecrated ground;
The Muse shall tell:—revolving years succeed,
And Time still venerates Mohammed's creed.

Nor faint the glory shed o'er Mecca's brow:
Land of the Prophet! dear to fame art thou.
Here first in peace his infant hopes were known;
Here fix'd the Chief his temple and his throne:

Though from thy gates opposing factions here
With stern defiance drove the gifted Seer,
Yet, sacred city of his love! 'twas thine
To heap the earliest incense on his shrine;
To own the terrors of his conquering blade,
And hail with joy the Exile thou hadst made.
Yes—thou art known to fame! to thee, 'tis said,
A voice divine the wand'ring Abraham led:
Within thy courts, at his command restored,
Blazed the pure altars of Creation's Lord.
And hence thy race, for ancient faith renown'd,
Surpassing favour with Mohammed found;
His seat of empire hence thy walls became,
And shared for sanctity Mohammed's fame.
Nor strange that hence, with pious gifts array'd,
Thy shrine revered the Moslem tribes invade;
Such duteous zeal the Prophet's laws demand,
And fabled raptures of his promised land.

For woe to him, who ne'er with awe profound
At Mecca's shrine hath kiss'd the holy ground:
For him, denied celestial joys to share,
No blooming Houris shall his couch prepare;
But his the doom, where countless horrors reign,
To feel a dark eternity of pain;
Of deep remorse the bitter tear to shed,
Each hope of Paradise for ever fled.

Behold! one impulse every heart enthralls;
Wide spreads the fervour 'mid Byzantium's walls: —
Where, proudly soaring, frown from Europe's coast
Her regal tow'rs o'er Asia's subject host,
With mingling crowds behold the darken'd lands,
And the wild tumult of assembling bands!
So vast the force, 'twould seem, with ire renew'd,
His warrior train Byzantium's Lord review'd;
From Catharine's sway his captured forts to claim,
And dare to vindicate his tarnish'd fame.

Nor less the force, on sandy plains array'd,
Where Memphis once her native kings obey'd;
Where still, in mournful grandeur o'er the waste,
Gigantic Ruin tells of glory past;
And, 'mid the relics of her brighter day,
The haughty satrap holds despotic sway.
How dense the mass! from Afric's sultry shore
Their zealot tribes unpeopled cities pour;
From Nile's green banks, where fruitful harvests teem;
From Barca's land, unbless'd by culture's beam;
From barren fields, that Nature's smiles forsake,
Where Mareotis spreads its stagnant lake;
From plains that once Cyrene's splendour crown'd;
From Acre's walls, in glory's page renown'd,
They come—Mohammed's flock: from shores survey'd
By Albion's flag on Calpe's rock display'd;

From Tunis, raised on Byrsa's wreck—they come;
And leave in Tripoli their native home.
Slow moves the phalanx deeply wedged; and loud
Exulting sounds proclaim the pious crowd.
And now Arsinoe's stately towers are seen,
Beloved resort of Egypt's peerless Queen;
Now lofty Moriah's sacred hill they tread;
Now pause awhile, by Sinai's mountain led:
Here, as with Israel's woes he sank depress'd,
Here Amram's son th' Almighty presence bless'd;
Here, while to Jethro's herds his care was giv'n,
Th' afflicted Pastor knew the voice of Heav'n;
Saw, as the holy ground with awe he trod,
Reveal'd in flame the glory of his God:
Yet, while the radiance Horeb's brow illumed,
No eye beheld the burning bush consumed.

Onward the phalanx moves: yet fear demands
Augmented force 'mid Egypt's trackless sands;
Forbids a scatter'd and defenceless train
Too boldly haste the Holy Land to gain;
Till to their view, in martial pride display'd,
The Sultan's troops confirm securer aid.
They come—their course along the hills they hold—
Their glitt'ring arms succeeding files unfold,
And join th' expectant throng: from all her shores
Her warrior sons collected Asia pours.
Known by his turban green of high command,
The haughty Chief arrays the straggling band:
Proud of his pure descent and ancient line;
Proud of the gifts he bears to Mecca's shrine;
For all their wants his watchful care provides,
His pow'r protects them, and his counsel guides.
Lo! where the chosen guards, in awe profound,
With closing ranks their Sultan's gifts surround,—

Where tapestried wonders, to the sight unroll'd,
Mix their rich splendour with the beaming gold,
To music's sounds where denser squadrons move,
And tow'ring lances form a leafless grove,—
Bright with the lustre of the solar rays,
The Crescent standard all its pride displays.

Thou, Salem, favour'd once of Heaven! hast seen
Oft in thy courts the wand'ring tribes convene:
Oft, though in scorn the name of Christ they mock,
Thy sacred walls detain Mohammed's flock.
Yes—memory there forbids his race, unmoved,
Each spot to traverse, of the Lord beloved;
And purer thoughts the Moslem's heart can fill
On Salem's plain, and Sion's holy hill.

The march resumed, a thousand ills dismay;
A thousand perils mark the pilgrim's way:
Yet droops he not, till, far from man's abode,
O'er the long desert lies the trackless road;

Till o'er the sandy plain's far-stretch'd expanse
The shudd'ring eye extends a hopeless glance.
No flow'ry herbage cheers the aching sight;
No welcome shades a short repose invite;
No smiling culture clothes the arid plain
With grassy verdure, or the yellow grain;
O'er the parch'd earth no gathering clouds diffuse
The genial influence of their fostering dews:
But o'er the redden'd skies and blistering sands
The orb of day his fiercest beams expands;
Pours on th' unshelter'd tribes his fiery rays,
And pining Nature withers in the blaze.
Sad is the wanderer's lot, remote from home,
Condemn'd Arabia's desert sands to roam—
Condemn'd, without a friend, without a guide,
To meet that mimic sea's resistless tide.
Oft at the whirlwind's desolating blast
O'erwhelming clouds involve the sultry waste;

And, mocking Hope's bright vision, Death demands
Full many a victim 'mid the drifting sands.
Oft on their march along the wide domain
The mounted Arab leads a lawless train,
Athirst for spoil;—and oft, as evening fades,
Some peaceful tent the wily chief invades;
With open conflict oft infests the way,
And scatters terror in the blaze of day.

Onward they press;—and if perchance be found
Some gurgling rill which shady palms surround,
Some grassy spot inviting brief delay,—
Impending dangers still forbid to stay:
By the cool waters of the mossy glade,
'Mid the calm freshness of the palmy shade,
They fear to linger; onward still they press,
Till Mecca's tow'rs their sight enraptured bless.

Yet, ere the goal, reveal'd to view, they gain,
Those cherish'd scenes awhile their steps detain,

Where, first victorious o'er opposing foes,
On Beder's height Mohammed's banner rose.
Dear is the spot, and kindling memory there
Portrays the Prophet's might, the foe's despair:
There shall the pilgrim oft, with proud delight,
Relate the terrors of that awful fight;
Tell how the Moslem's scanty force, assail'd
By countless hosts, in Allah's name prevail'd;
How, 'mid the battle's rage, to frenzy driv'n,
The routed squadrons own'd the cause of Heaven:
For there, 'tis said, refulgent to the view,
His flaming sword seraphic Gabriel drew;
The Prophet's band to deathless glory led,
Celestial radiance beaming o'er his head.
Soon as their longing eyes, from Beder's height,
Of Mecca's temple gain the promised sight,
To errors past awaken'd thoughts return,
And sinful breasts with harrowing anguish burn;

The stings of conscience and remorse they feel,
And gushing tears their penitence reveal.
No more shall now the splendid vest be worn,
The brow no more shall clustering locks adorn;
In the pure stream their toil-worn limbs they lave,
And wear the sable garments of the grave.

The hour arrives: in Sorrow's mournful guise,
'Mid the low murmur of repentant sighs,
The phalanx moves; and Mecca's holy fane
In marshall'd ranks receives th' adoring train.
Lo! fifty portals op'ning wide declare
The dazzling glories of that house of prayer:
In solid brass a hundred columns shine,
And silver chains each tow'ring shaft entwine.
Yet, while from golden lamps th' unheeded ray
Mocks the full brilliance of meridian day,
While circling splendour fails with awe to move,
The sacred Kaaba claims the pilgrim's love.

Yet think not there hath pomp a charm bestow'd;
No worthless splendour decks the plain abode,
The Prophet's dwelling;—woe to all that dare
False vows to breathe or thoughts irreverent there;
Woe to the wretch, from Mercy's mansion driv'n,
That dares to doubt the fabled work of Heav'n!
Oft as assembling hosts the fane invest,
Those darken'd walls the pilgrim's zeal attest;
And pious hands, as annual rites enjoin,
Replace the sable vesture of the shrine.
Such holy gift, in fair Damascus wrought,
To Mecca first imperial Omar brought;
Such, ere invading hordes their pow'r subdued,
Year after year Egyptian kings renew'd:
Now falls the task on Othman's race alone,
And swells the grandeur of the Sultan's throne.
Stretch'd on the holy ground, with loud acclaim,
Thrice call the pious crowds on Allah's name:

Allah il Allah! whose divine command
From chaos bade creation's charms expand;
Allah il Allah! to whose sovereign nod
Creation bows,—the true, the only God!—
Then, on the ground still humbly stretch'd, they raise
The song of gladness in Mohammed's praise;
Tell how the Lord with mighty arm upheld
His chosen Prophet 'mid the battle-field;
From foes and perils gave his soul release,
And crown'd his labours with perpetual peace.
'Twas thine, they cry, illustrious Chief! to soar,
Where seraph hosts th' Eternal Word adore;
In Heaven's pure streams to wash thy sins away,
And earth revisit, cleansed from error's clay;
'Twas thine to taste the bliss without alloy,
To mark the bright futurity of joy;
And teach thy flock delights in Heav'n prepared,
For Moslem faith the triumph and reward.

There, 'mid luxuriant shades, in tranquil rest,
Shall the green swards by weary limbs be press'd;
There, 'mid the spacious hall, or cool retreat,
Ambrosial feasts th' awaken'd sense shall greet;
And, from the eager lip withheld no more,
Their purple tide nectareous vines shall pour:
And there, the Houri, bright angelic maid,
In rosy smiles of innocence array'd,
The bounteous minister of bliss shall prove,
And breathe around a paradise of love.
Such are the fix'd rewards, the promised joys,
To strike the sense, Mohammed's creed employs;
Such the delusive arts, that still maintain
O'er half the world unfading error's reign.—
Not such the zeal, mistaken and o'erwrought,
Not such the rites by true devotion taught;—
Vain empty duties:—not by these alone
Shall Christ's disciples for their sins atone;

Nor hope the Author of their faith to please
By barren pomp and showy gifts like these.
Fount of Eternal Life! how far more dear
In thy pure sight will stedfast faith appear;
How far more precious, through the mortal strife,
The guiltless conscience, and unspotted life!
Thee, Son of God! on God's right hand enthroned,
(Who once on earth the form of manhood own'd,
For us who suffer'd, and for us who bled,
Mute as the peaceful lamb to slaughter led,
Who took the bondage of the world away,)
With grateful hearts we worship and obey:
Thou to lost mortals hast redemption giv'n,
And dying hast restored our forfeit hopes of Heav'n!

NOTE.

Verse 195—204. The black stone in the Kaaba, so much celebrated among the Mohammedans, is held by them in the highest estimation, all the pilgrims kissing it with great devotion. Its blackness, which is only superficial, is owing to the kisses and touches of so many peeple. The outside of the Kaaba is covered with rich black damask, adorned with an embroidered band of gold, which is changed every year, and was formerly sent by the Caliphs, afterwards by the Sultans of Egypt, and is now provided by the Turkish Emperors.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN PRIZE POEM
RECITED IN THE THEATRE AT OXFORD,
A. D. 1792.

BY

JOHN RICHARDSON,

OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE;

AFTERWARDS ONE OF THE JUDGES IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

" WHERE am I borne? shall France, beloved in
vain,
" Enchant no more these weeping eyes again?—
" Long on thy past delights shall memory dwell,
" Fair, bounteous land!—beloved in vain, farewell!
" Long for thy charms this drooping heart shall
pine,
" Nor e'en my country's hills be dear as thine.
" Farewell! fond scenes of early bliss decay'd,
" And Hymen's joys too swiftly doom'd to fade!"
Thus, on the vessel's deck reclined, that bore
Her widow'd hopes from Gaul's receding shore,

While to that shore still dimly seen she turn'd
Her tearful eyes,—the Queen of Scotia mourn'd :
Mourn'd o'er her youthful lord, untimely lost,
And sad recall to Scotia's native coast.
Nor vain her grief: too well prophetic fears
Foretold the sorrows of her future years.
E'en in that hour, o'er Scotia's hapless land
Vindictive Faction waved her threatening brand ;
And, prompt to spurn subverted laws, arose
Sedition's train, the deadliest of her foes :
Oft with domestic broil her streets were rife ;
Opposing chieftains urged their clans to strife ;
Youth's ardent train a kindred wrath inspires,
And all the feudal hatred of their sires.
E'en at that hour, Religion's alter'd form
Gave deeper horror to the dark'ning storm ;
Wide o'er the land the gathering frenzy spread,
Nor spared the mould'ring ashes of the dead ;

Razed the proud pile, revered by Time in vain,
And crush'd the grandeur of the Gothic fane.
Woe to the rude untutor'd breasts, that feel
The madd'ning ardour of religious zeal!
Woe to fair Scotia's realm, that early view'd
The fiercer horrors of that reckless feud;
When 'midst her altars Discord raged afar,
And mitred Prelates mingled in the war!
Unfelt these perils, and these ills unknown,
Unhappy Mary seeks her joyless throne.
Oh! rather form'd the festal dance to lead,
Than curb the growth of dark Rebellion's seed,
Of courtly throngs the homage to command,
Than wield the sceptre o'er a factious land,
More pleased the gay presiding sylph to reign
Of blithesome revels on the banks of Seine,—
How shall the Muse, lamented Queen! relate
The mournful annals of thy chequer'd fate;

Or trace the ills that darken'd o'er thy brow,
When thy fair lips renew'd their nuptial vow?
Though partial hope, in Darnley's nobler mien,
The kingly virtues of his race had seen;
Yet manly grace, and Love's dissembling art
Ne'er mask'd the venom of a baser heart:
Within that breast no grateful feeling grew,
No sacred bound his dire ambition knew;
Pall'd on his abject sense each joy possess'd,
And lawless aims despoil'd his soul of rest.
Nor long, within its secret cell confined,
Slept the foul purpose of his evil mind:
See! fired with jealousy's corroding thought,
To frenzied acts by treacherous counsel wrought,
The Queen's retreat her vengeful lord invades,
And dark assassins wave their sheathless blades:
Thee death awaits, at Darnley's fierce command,
Unhappy minstrel of Italia's land!

Whose native melody's beguiling pow'rs
Gave brighter charms to Mary's pensive hours.
Thee by that ruthless train enclosed she view'd,
Saw in thy blood their murd'rous hands embrued;
Pour'd her faint prayer for Mercy's boon in vain,
E'en now expectant of a Mother's pain.

Degenerate Chief! unworthy of a throne,—
Thy people's hate no timely pause had known;
In Scotia's annals cursed thy name had been,
But Pity mourns thy life's departing scene:
And Mercy, shudd'ring o'er thy fate severe,
Blots of thy crime the record with a tear.

What lurking foe the fatal plot decreed?
What fiend malignant urged the guilty deed?
Oh! skill'd in arts the vulgar herd to please,
Source of thy Sister's ills, and banish'd ease,
Truth's honest semblance too expert to wear,
Yet all Ambition's baser schemes prepare,—

Fraud's countless forms, ungrateful Murray! vied
Thy daring steps in fame's pursuit to guide:
'Twas thine unmark'd, where'er Ambition led,
Of Discord's torch the kindling flame to spread;
O'er Scotia's ills with secret hopes to brood;
Safe from the peril, watch the gathering feud;
Seize, crafty statesman! on the ripening hour,
And raise the bulwark of thy destined pow'r.
Nor less prevail'd aspiring Bothwell's guilt:
Bold were the hopes his soul presumptuous built;
By fierce desire's unbridled impulse driv'n
To brave the laws alike of man and Heav'n.
'Mid the deep vaults with fatal art bestow'd,
The hidden thunders fill the King's abode;
Insidious ruin lurks around—beneath—
And secret horrors fraught with instant death.
The train explodes: with loud terrific ire
Bursts the wild torrent of volcanic fire:

Riv'n by the shock, the crumbling walls declare
Too well the triumph of the midnight snare.
And he—the victim of perfidious hate—
He sleeps, unconscious of impending fate:
The train explodes; the mimic thunders roar;—
And Scotia's monarch wakes on earth no more:
While pitying subjects, in surprise profound,
Gaze on the corse, unblemish'd with a wound.

O'erwhelming awe to Faction's league denies
United force, and bursts confederate ties:
On Gallia's shore secluded Murray broods
In silent rancour o'er prospective feuds;
But loftier schemes th' impetuous Bothwell move,
And all the furies of resistless love.
Nor words alone, nor whisper'd vows, proclaim
To Mary's ear th' aspiring suitor's aim:
Unblushing force the helpless Queen enthralls,
And Freedom mocks her 'midst a vassal's halls.

Where loiter'd Scotia's brave indignant lords?
Leap'd from their sheaths no swift avenging swords?
Far from her native hills had Valour flown,
Or spared to vindicate th' insulted throne?
Vain, 'midst embattled walls, and lawless hosts,
In Mary's aid were all that Valour boasts;
Too vain, as Scotia views, in evil hour,
The willing victim of licentious pow'r;
And Hymen's torch, with renovated flame,
Sheds a faint lustre o'er her tarnish'd fame.

Wide 'mid the wavering train, by Murray led,
Their baleful arts incentive traitors spread;
And, feebly shrinking from fraternal wrath,
Views the sad Queen a lion in her path.
Roused at that Brother's call, o'er Scotia's land
Again Sedition waves her fatal brand;
Far flies th' Aggressor from the kindling strife,
And saves by flight alone his forfeit life.

For thee—sad victim of th' increasing feud!
By despot Power's reviling wrath pursued,
Hurl'd from thy throne, and forced, in plight forlorn,
To bear the rancour of plebeian scorn,
On the lone island of a cheerless lake,
Where Nature's smiles the dreary waste forsake,
Torn from thy friends, where barrier rocks enclose,—
'Tis doom'd to wrestle with a captive's woes.
Yet shall not barrier rocks exclude relief,
Nor plead in vain the majesty of grief:
Youth's generous aid shall Beauty's wrongs redeem,
And Fame's bright page immortalize the theme.
Day's ling'ring splendour faded from the West,
And caution's plot nocturnal shadows bless'd:
Her ardent champion hail'd propitious night;
And opening portals smiled on Mary's flight:

Blithe freedom's air the rescued Queen inhaled,
And cherish'd hope's returning light prevail'd.
With noiseless speed they gain the welcome beach,
The ready bark in breathless fear they reach;
Awhile they tremble at the startling oar,
Till friends unchanged surround them on the shore.
Oh! short and transient was the prosp'rous hour:—
So, when deceitful April's vernal show'r
Recedes awhile, and o'er the smiling plain
Sol's genial beams their fost'ring pow'r regain,
Soon fades the ray, with treacherous lustre warm,
And darker grows the horror of the storm.

Lamented Queen! how oft the Muse hath pray'd
That o'er thy fate were thrown Oblivion's shade!
That Time could hide, or fearless Truth deny
The sullied glories of thy false Ally!

Dark o'er her future years the tempest rose,
When, 'midst defeated hopes, and conq'ring foes,

Deluded Mary sought, with suppliant mien,
The proffer'd aid of England's artful Queen.
For oft, while Discord's gath'ring fury burn'd,
Torn with internal strife while Scotia mourn'd,
Oft held the Virgin Queen to Mary's ear
The specious promise of a friend sincere;
Urged, with dissembling warmth, from Faction's roar
Her safe retreat on England's tranquil shore;
Pledged her fair Rival, driv'n by fate to roam,
The counsel of a friend, the refuge of a home.
What treacherous schemes, through friendship's smile unseen,
Wreck'd the fond hopes of Scotia's injured Queen!
How shall the Bard in equal strains deplore
Her colder welcome to the sister-shore;
In strains accordant with her wrongs declare
Her ling'ring years of exile and despair;

Tell with what art the rebel band implied
To Mary's guilt that hapless Darnley died;
The groundless charge, the shadowy proof relate;
And all the mockery of judicial state:
Then on ideal crimes decrees were built,
And vague epistles changed to words of guilt;
Then o'er redoubled ills the Victim mourn'd,
Nor e'er to Scotia's native realm return'd.

Ill-fated Queen—by ceaseless wrath pursued,
In captive gloom revolving years she view'd;
While deadlier malice triumph'd in her woe,
And idle fears assail'd her restless foe:
Each nobler thought those idle fears o'ercome,
And seal a Nation's shame, a Rival's doom.
'Mid awe-struck realms the tale disastrous flew,
Of future perils sad the presage grew,
When,—tacit horror shudd'ring o'er the scene,—
Flow'd on the block the life-blood of a Queen.

Oh! when, triumphant o'er insulting Spain,
Her gallant navies swept the subject main,
Why stain'd Elizabeth her laurel wreath,
And dimm'd her fair renown by Mary's death?
To her let Fame its fleeting lustre lend,
On all her steps let sovereign pomp attend;
Yet shall not Fortune's gifts, nor Wisdom's lore
The tranquil slumbers of the just restore,
The mind diseased from conscious guilt release,
That courts in vain the bless'd repose of peace.
Be thine, fair Queen! no self-accusing sigh;
Be thine, still worthy of thy race,—to die;
Thy regal pride uphold with latest breath,
And all the majesty of grief in death;
Soar undismay'd above tyrannic pow'r,
And earn fresh fame in life's departing hour!

MARIUS

AMIDST

THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN PRIZE POEM
RECITED IN THE THEATRE AT OXFORD,
A. D. 1793.

BY

EDWARD COPLESTON,

OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE;

AFTERWARDS PROVOST OF ORIEL COLLEGE,
DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S,
AND BISHOP OF LLANDAFF.

MARIUS

AMIDST

THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

WHERE Ruin scowls amidst unpeopled walls,
Recumbent altars, and deserted halls,
Where mingled wrecks the pitying eye engage,
Like the sad vestige of Volcanic rage,—
Unsparing havoc of remorseless foes,—
In splendour once imperial Carthage rose.
Yet 'mid the waste of war some broken file
Of pillar'd strength adorns the mould'ring pile;
And shapeless marbles, once the sculptor's pride,
Still seem to image what the past supplied.
'Mid Ruin's empire dauntless and serene,
His thoughts congenial with the mournful scene,

Bereft of pow'r, an exile, and alone,
Ill-fated Marius mused on hopes o'erthrown;
And with the doom of Carthage weigh'd his own.

On War's fierce ravage now Remembrance dwells,
And many a tale of changeful fortune tells;
Now silent Wonder, in that adverse hour,
Views the bold relics of departed Pow'r.
Yet think not Fear the warrior's heart dismay'd,
That Pity's sigh his sympathy betray'd;
Or dim the eye, that, 'mid Destruction's reign,
Gazed in stern triumph on the wreck-clad plain:
While Memory's spells Tyre's brighter day recall,
Thus drew the Chief an omen from her fall:
" Here, clothed in wealth, and long to glory known,
" Fair Libya's pride, a matchless city shone;

" And here, where Ocean's foamy torrents roar,
" Where teeming commerce once bedeck'd the shore,
" Where countless barks their precious freight supplied,
" Deserted havens mock the swelling tide.
" Here oft with joy the crowded streets were rife,
" And far was heard the busy hum of life;
" Here sage Experience framed the social law,
" Her useful works here Art productive saw;
" Here scenic pomp applauding hosts admired,
" And holy shrines the votive prayer inspired;
" While, proudly vaunting o'er defeated foes,
" In festal hour the shout of triumph rose.
" Hush'd are those sounds:—the rav'ning bird alone
" Disturbs the silence by her fitful moan;

" Or famish'd wolf, sole tenant of decay,
" Howls to the blast, impatient of his prey.
" Not such the fate, in conscious virtue bold,
" On Cannæ's plain, Hamilcar's son foretold;
" Not such the fate, by Libya's haughty Queen,
" 'Midst Alpine snows, on Simplon's height, foreseen;
" Nor ills like these could conquering hosts forebode,
" When Rome's proud eagles droop'd by Trebia's flood.
" Yet, oh! extended conquest seal'd thy doom,
" And Envy mark'd thee for the spoil of Rome;
" Bow'd to the dust thy crumbling tow'rs proclaim
" The lurking perils that encompass fame.
" Then tremble, Sylla! Fortune's just decree
" May pour at last affliction's tide on thee.

" Be mine, while Hope's prospective vision cheers,
" And lulls remembrance of o'erclouded years,
" Be mine, the shafts of malice to disdain,
" And proudly struggle with oppression's chain!"
On Tyre's decay his glowing thoughts intent,
By peril's blast his dauntless soul unbent,
O'er the sad trace of Desolation's reign
While Marius thus indulged reflection's strain,
By Sylla's mandate, 'mid those scenes of woe,
The Roman Lictor sought for Sylla's foe.
His fearless brow, his stern unalter'd mien,
In adverse hour unyielding and serene,
His haughty eye,—undimm'd the piercing ray,—
And stately form,—at once the Chief betray.
That manly breast a deeper passion stirr'd,
When first the Prætor's fix'd command was heard:
And, as in Latium once, condemn'd to die,
When death's fierce herald quail'd beneath his eye,

When through the dungeon's gloom its terror flash'd,
And the Minturnian dropp'd his sword abash'd,
Thus roused again its vivid lightning broke,
And proudly thus th' indignant Warrior spoke:
" Go! be the Prætor's empty threat reproved!
" These tow'rs o'erthrown hath Marius seen unmoved;
" And the soul, firm through chequer'd life's career,
" 'Mid Ruin's empire yields not now to fear."
Then with himself communion he renews;
" And refuge here," he cries, " doth Fate refuse?
" Hence must I wander, and indulge no more
" Consoling thoughts on Tyre's deserted shore?
" Hail, welcome Exile!—'tis thy fix'd decree,
" Unerring Fortune! and I bow to thee.
" Let Sylla's threats again oppose my rest,
" My wand'ring steps let Sylla's slaves infest,

" Nor Sylla's threats, nor Sylla's servile crew,
" Shall e'er this heart by flood or field subdue:
" Oh! once my native land's defence and pride,
" Ne'er shall my zeal at Sylla's wrath subside.
" Ungrateful countrymen! ungrateful land!
" Why bear ye thus a Tyrant's base command?
" Deserved I this, in manhood's prime, when first
" By Scipio's fame my warlike hopes were nursed;
" When, worthy of the Chief, whose banners flow'd
" Victorious here, my soul with conquest glow'd?
" Deserved I this, when caution and delay
" Withheld Metellus from the martial fray,
" And, as Numidia's swarthy legions fled,
" His tardy troops this arm to battle led;
" Burst with victorious brand th' impending gloom,
" And bore their King in captive chains to Rome?
" When from the frozen North gigantic hordes
" Waved on the barrier Alps their countless swords;

" And sought their Arctic winter's lengthen'd reign
" To change for Italy's unclouded plain;
" Taught far beyond their icy realms to prize
" Her fruitful vallies, and attemper'd skies;—
" What vengeful arm,—when savage strength prevail'd,
" Her patriots slain when trembling Rome bewail'd,
" When terror reign'd, and hope her light withdrew,—
" What vengeful arm th' invading host o'erthrew?
" Whom in that hour did public grief demand?
" Who fought and conquer'd for his native land?
" Mine was the aid, in peril's dark'ning hour,
" That check'd the ravage of barbaric pow'r;
" In me their faith the rallying cohorts held,
" At Freedom's call the savage band repell'd,

" Mock'd their wild gestures 'mid the battle's storm,
" The glitt'ring faulchion, and the giant form.
" Oh! on that awful day how dire the strife,—
" How far more precious honour proved than life!
" What mournful carnage dyed th' Athesian wave,
" As Latium's plains we scarce avail'd to save!
" In vain their force unnumber'd files reveal'd;
" In vain the bulwark of the ponderous shield;
" Unwieldy helms, that pictured lions bore,
" And crescent swords infused dismay no more.
" In vain their war-cry echoed to the blast,
" In vain their charge the torrent's might surpass'd;
" Their hostile armies darken'd Rhætia's plain;—
" But Marius came,—and every threat was vain:
" Rome's chosen legions scatter'd all their might;—
" And oh! what tumult mark'd the track of flight!

" There, 'mid the dying and the dead, was seen,
" Borne on her blood-stain'd wheels, each warrior queen:
" With fearful eye they watch'd the tide of war,
" And hurl'd the javelin from their scythed car;
" Yet when their heroes pierced with wounds they view'd,
" Their routed bands by Rome's revenge pursued, —
" When ling'ring hope no more their breasts misled, —
" Loud rose the wail of anguish o'er the dead;
" And, with her guiltless offspring, dire to tell!
" By blows self-dealt each frantic mother fell.
" These were the triumphs of this conq'ring sword:
" And thou, great Mars! bear witness to my word,

" That ne'er did Marius, at thy call, forbear
" The meanest soldier's common lot to share:
" Witness, ye rivers and ye plains, that view'd
" The wide encampment, or the martial feud,
" How oft, when hottest raged the war around,
" 'Mid thick'ning perils first was Marius found;
" First, as a leader's duty it became,
" Amongst the ranks he nobly led to fame.
" And Fame was mine:—yet what availeth now
" That well-earn'd laurels once entwined my brow?
" How vain the boast, if Fortune cease to shine,
" That all these blooming honours once were mine!
" I—who, begirt with pomp and spoils, of yore,
" To Ammon's shrine the proud ovation bore,
" Whom once a million tongues with loud acclaim
" Hail'd the Redeemer of his Country's fame,

" Now seek, condemn'd 'mid desert wastes to roam,
" The doubtful shelter of a friendless home.
" Here Fancy's eye a calm retreat survey'd;
" Hope promised refuge here—yet Hope betray'd.
" But still 'twas sweet, an exile from my race,
" Tyre's faded grandeur, ling'ring here, to trace;
" To muse, fair Queen of Libya, o'er thy fate,
" And feel the memory of my wrongs abate:
" 'Twas sweet to view, a partner of my doom,
" Th' aspiring rival of imperial Rome.
" Yet—(as e'en now my prescient thoughts divine,)
" This high distinction marks my fate and thine:
" Thou, hapless State! shalt still unhonour'd mourn
" Thy vanish'd splendour, and thy courts forlorn;
" The anxious merchant shall, as erst, no more
" Steer his rich bark to thy neglected shore;

" No distant triumphs shall thy sway proclaim,
" Nor future Hannibals attest thy fame.
" Mine is a higher fate, a nobler doom;—
" Again to bear a blood-stain'd laurel home.
" Yes—by the souls of heroes slain I swear,
" Avengers fierce, and thunderbolts of war,
" By him, who first my steps to glory led,
" Him, at whose shock the Punic legions fled,—
" If pow'r in Rome the people grant again,
" If still the vigour of this arm remain,—
" I swear—Ye Gods! bear witness to my vow,—
" Beneath my stern revenge my foe shall bow.
" Yes—the last sighs of all that once were dear
" Shall fall untimely on the Traitor's ear;
" All shall his hand to early graves consign,
" And die himself a gory death by mine.
" Devouring flames the Capitol shall burn,
" In shapeless ruin Rome herself shall mourn;

" Oblivion's shadow o'er her race be thrown,
" Ere hope of mercy be to Sylla shown;
" Ere his vile doom of exile be forgiv'n,
" Or Marius breathe a fruitless vow to Heav'n."

NOTE.

Verse 72. When Marius was condemned by the people of Minturnæ, a town of Latium, to lose his head in the dungeon, his stern countenance disarmed the courage of the executioner, and the sword dropped from his hand.

THE

DRAMA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN PRIZE POEM
RECITED IN THE THEATRE AT OXFORD,
A. D. 1794.

BY

CHRISTOPHER PULLER,

OF CHRIST CHURCH;

AFTERWARDS CHIEF JUSTICE AT CALCUTTA.

THE

DRAMA.

EACH glowing sense to charm with Scenic Art,
To touch with sympathy the pitying heart,
To bid departed days, by skill divine,
Beam with fresh fame,—the gift, fair Greece! was thine:
From ages past Oblivion's veil to raise,
And deeds of old adorn with living praise.
Oft, where Cephisus flows, as evening fell,
Assembling crowds confess'd the magic spell;
Oft with admiring eyes, and ears intent,
O'er the rude scene the rustic council bent;

When Thespis first his vagrant band array'd,
And either Muse her various charm display'd.
Yet sports like these, that sought alone to raise
In festal hour the Pastor's simple praise,
Each generous breast inspired with nobler aim,
And guardian Athens nursed the kindling flame.
There ampler honours deck'd the Tragic Queen;
The solemn Chorus mingled with the scene;
Harmonious measures woke a new delight,
And splendid Pageants awed th' enchanted sight.
There proudly rose, of every Muse the home,
In pillar'd grandeur, each theatric dome;
And Fancy still 'mid Ruin's mass surveys
The boasted glory of their brighter days.
'Twas thine, fair Athens! long in War renown'd,
A name as bright in peaceful ease to found;
Of Scenic Art the infant source to guide,
And raise to worthier fame the Drama's pride,

Nor, smiling on Thalia's wit, deny
Fictitious grief, the tribute of a sigh.
And thou, Ilissus!—by whose favour'd stream
The youthful Poet cherish'd fancy's dream,
Where, beaming once in classic beauty, shone
The Doric column, and the Parian stone,—
Bless'd haunt of Phœbus! say, in days of yore,
What scenes the Muse depicted on thy shore,
When, first to vindicate the Drama's name,
Sublimer Æschylus aspired to fame.
There, through the quiv'ring throng, in dark array,
The vengeful Furies scatter'd wild dismay:
There, 'mid perpetual snows, in fix'd disdain,
Th' indignant Titan wrestled with his chain;
Beheld unmoved the rock with thunder riv'n,
And spurn'd the menace of insulted Heav'n.

Say, what mute terror seized the throng, that view'd
By Ammon's wrath his dauntless soul pursued,
When yielding Nature felt the tempest's shock,
And the red lightning smote the Scythian rock!
Soon o'er the scene maturer beauties rise,
And faithful Art a novel grace supplies:
Lo! vivid colours aid the bold design,
And pictured forms in dim perspective shine.
Ideal space the bright illusion yields,
And the eye wanders o'er imagined fields;
O'er cliffs and caves enraptured Fancy roves,
Cold, barren tracts, or culture's leafy groves;
Views tranquil waves the island shore surround,
Or rising billows from the rock rebound;
In vollied peals the raging tempest hears,
And mimic thunders of the heav'nly spheres.

Unmix'd delight the just resemblance leaves,
And either sense th' effective Art deceives.
Soft dulcet notes the choral train prepare,
That float melodious on the ambient air;
Breathe o'er the soul a captivating charm,
And pensive sorrow of its sting disarm.
Then pour'd "the Attic Bee," 'mid pomp sublime,
His lyric numbers, hallow'd still by Time;
Then through the dome re-echoing plaudits rung,
And triumph mark'd the varied themes he sung.
Torn with defeated hope and fancied wrong,
Indignant Ajax awes the list'ning throng;
Yields to Dulichium's Prince the Victor's arms,
And scorns in frenzy life's contracted charms;
Vents his unbridled rage with falt'ring breath,
And wildly glories in approaching death.

Her brother's fate the ling'ring blow demands,
And filial blood pollutes her impious hands.
Nor deem unknown, in Greece's earlier days,
'Mid tragic pomp, Thalia's gentler praise;
Wreathed in alluring smiles, the sportive Queen
An equal grace imparted to the scene;
In Virtue's aid her guardian spells engage,
And lash the baneful Vices of the Age.
Yet shall for him her blush indignant rise,
Though comic wit his sparkling page supplies,
Whose daring pen the wise and good oppress'd,
And e'en Religion libell'd with a jest.
Not all thy precepts, Socrates! avail'd,
Thy blameless life when Satire's dart assail'd;
Nor e'en thy purer virtues could assuage
The Poet's envy, or the People's rage:
Misguided foes the fatal cup prepare,
And Athens weeps o'er Wisdom's noblest heir.

But thee, Menander! o'er whose honour'd grave
In spotless bloom unfading laurels wave,
With pride unmix'd the generous Muse reveres,
And o'er thine ashes pours parental tears.

Nor yet had Rome, unfelt the Muse's charms,
View'd her sole triumph in victorious arms:
Though flush'd with conquest, oft, by field or flood,
Queen of the World on Glory's height she stood,
By Tyber's banks the peaceful arts were known,
And, crown'd with fame, her Scenic grandeur shone.

Oft, in seductive pomp, and glitt'ring pride,
With sacred fanes the Drama's temple vied;
When festal sports revolving years renew'd,
Or splendid pageants told a foe subdued.
There oft the heart, that sighs o'er fancied ill,
Proclaim'd Melpomene's severer skill;

Her rival Sister there the Roman knew,
Approving smiles when favour'd Plautus drew;
When Terence rose, in Learning's purer age,
And graced with Attic wit the Latian stage.
But chief to thee, whose page enchanting burns
With thoughts that breathe, the Muse delighted turns;
O'er whose young hours, in visions bright and wild,
By Avon's banks propitious Fancy smiled.
Hail, mighty Bard! alone to Nature true,
No borrow'd aid thy soaring spirit knew;
Of Greece or Latium scorn'd the complex rules,
Nor own'd the ancient trammels of the schools:
'Twas thine, bold Master of the Thespian lyre!
From founts untried to draw celestial fire;
In native genius rich and uncontroll'd,
O'er willing breasts a boundless sway to hold;

Bid Scenic Art with cloudless lustre shine,
And rear in Britain's Isle the Muse's shrine.
Accept, great Bard! these tributary lays,
The youthful homage of untutor'd praise.
Immortal Shakspeare! oft was thine the skill
To move the Passions at thy magic will;
O'er ev'ry sense a wizard's spell to hold,
And ev'ry hue of Fancy's charms unfold.
Thine was the wit, refulgent from the mine,
And all Thalia's sportive gifts were thine!
Nor less 'mid Tragic scenes thy bland controul
In Pity's tears dissolved the captive soul;
Each treasured grief thy keen observance knew,
Each human woe thy matchless pencil drew.
Oh! skill'd alike the joys of Hope to prove,
Or the deep wound of unrequited Love;
Of Care or Fear to paint the tort'ring reign,
Or hell-born Jealousy's corroding pain;

Each awful mood of Madness to declare,—
The curbless frenzy, or the calm despair.
Such have we seen, when, 'mid the tempest wild,
The dying Father cursed his rebel child:
Such have we seen—O sight admired and mourn'd!—
When, in her brain as darkly memory burn'd,
Robed in her maiden vest, and unconfined
Her beauteous tresses streaming to the wind,
Reft of her Sire, yet heedless of her wrong,
The sad Ophelia pour'd her plaintive song;
With seeming care funereal chaplets wove,
And died,—the victim of neglected Love.

Unrivall'd Bard! to thee their charms reveal'd
Heav'n's azure vault, and Ocean's coral field;
To thee the terrors of the world were known,
Where Night eternal rears her Stygian throne:
Prompt at thy call, amidst the moon-lit wood,
Their mystic revels Fairy bands pursued;

Aerial phantoms pierced the murky gloom,
And the pale tenants of the yielding tomb;
These, as they wander from their destined goal,
Probe the dark secrets of the guilty soul;
At midnight's hour array their spectral force,
And haunt the restless slumbers of Remorse.
Ye, in whose bosoms burns, unquench'd by Time,
The deep remembrance of devouring crime,
Say, will not Conscience with severer sting
Back to your thoughts the harrowing memory bring,
When on the scene, where midnight horrors reign,
Ye mark the image of the murder'd Dane;
Hear the pale Ghost his wav'ring Son reprove,
And paint his faithless Queen's unnatural love?
Say, start ye not, when pictured forms of death
E'en at the festive board affright Macbeth;

And his fix'd eye, 'mid Terror's raging storm,
Views on the vacant seat the blood-stain'd Banquo's
form?
Yes—your frail hearts have own'd the lesson true,
The daring Thane when matchless Garrick drew:
For oh! 'twas his with touching skill to move;
Of conscious Guilt the mental pangs to prove;
Express too well each varying Passion's strife,
And give to Fiction's scenes the truth of Life.
And thou, fair Britain! nurse with fond regard
The bright remembrance of thy peerless Bard;
From age to age transmit his deathless name,
And sacred keep the records of his fame!
From dark Oblivion shield his just renown,
The Pedant's envy, and the Critic's frown!
His be the name, as years successive roll,
That o'er thy Drama bears supreme control;
The first, the holiest of the Muse's train,—
"We ne'er shall look upon his like again!"

NOTES.

Verse 39—48. Of ninety tragedies, the fruit of this dramatic writer's ingenious labours, forty of which were rewarded with the public prize, only seven have come safe to us, among which are the Prometheus, and the Eumenides, or Furies. According to one of his Scholiasts, when his Eumenides were represented, many children died through fear, and several pregnant women actually miscarried in the house, at the sight of the horrible masks that were introduced.

Ver. 67. From the sweetness and harmony of his periods, Sophocles was called by the ancients the Attic Bee. Of one hundred and twenty tragedies which he composed only seven are extant.

Ver. 71. After the death of Achilles, Ajax and Ulysses disputed their claim to the arms of the dead hero. When they were given to the latter, Ajax was so enraged that he slaughtered a whole flock of sheep, supposing them to be the sons of Atreus, who had given the preference to Ulysses, and he stabbed himself with his sword.

Ver. 77. When Philoctetes was called upon by

Menelaus to accompany the Greeks to the Trojan war, the offensive smell which arose from a wound in his foot obliged them, at the instigation of Ulysses, to remove him from the camp, and he was accordingly carried to the island of Lemnos, in which solitary retreat he remained several years. The sufferings and adventures of Philoctetes are the subject of one of the best tragedies of Sophocles.

Ver. 85. Euripides, the celebrated tragic poet, was born at Salamis the day on which the army of Xerxes was defeated by the Greeks. In memory of this victory, fought in the narrow channel of Euripus, which divides Salamis from the continent, he received the name of Euripides. Nineteen of his tragedies are extant.

Ver. 102. Pentheus, king of Thebes, having refused to acknowledge the divinity of Bacchus, and forbidden his subjects to pay adoration to the god, was torn to pieces by the priestesses during the celebration of their orgies, his mother Agave being the first to attack him.

Ver. 121. Aristophanes. The wit and excellence of his comedies are well known; but they abound sometimes too much with obscenity, and his attack upon the venerable character of Socrates has been

always censured, and with justice. If the poet deserved praise for his wit, he merited blame for his licentiousness, which spared not even the gods, and was so offensive to his countrymen, that Alcibiades made a law at Athens, which forbade the comic writers from mimicking or representing on the stage any living character by name.

THE

BRITISH FLEET.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN PRIZE POEM
RECITED IN THE THEATRE AT OXFORD,
A. D. 1795.

BY

G. BAKER,

OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE.

THE

BRITISH FLEET.

ILLUSTRIOUS Isle! in battle's hour supreme,—
Queen of the Waves,—be thou the Muse's theme!
Thy Warrior Sons, thy matchless prows that glide
With mimic thunders o'er the subject tide,
Her praise demand:—though sylvan haunts she loves,
Where Isis winds amidst her classic groves,
Where placid Wisdom courts the friendly shade,
For holy Thought and musing Science made,—
Still at thy call a bolder flight she dares,
Recounts the triumphs of thy Ocean-wars,

Bids loftier strains thy glorious deeds approve,
And glows exulting with a Patriot's love.

With humbler fleets, for bold defence prepared,
His wave-girt land the Briton learn'd to guard,
In hours of peril, from his menaced coast
When mighty Alfred drove th' invading host,
And taught his warriors, with unerring bow,
In their light barks to meet th' approaching foe.
Rude was his Naval Art: no daring sails
Spread their light canvas to propitious gales;
No skilful Pilot, as the favouring wind
Smiled on his course, the needless oar resign'd:
No deathful Engine pour'd, in battle's ire,
The vollied thunders of destructive fire.

To nobler triumphs o'er her prostrate foes,
By slow degrees, victorious Britain rose;
Of Naval Art th' advancing glory view'd,
And gave fresh terrors to the martial feud.

On every coast laborious zeal prepares
The floating bulwarks of her future wars;
Majestic oaks, of forest glades the pride,
By wondrous process shaped for Ocean's tide,
Arm'd for the fray, with fearful menace sweep
O'er the dark furrows of the raging Deep.
Transcendent skill!—obedient to the helm,
The buoyant Castles plough the watery realm;
And Neptune views o'er all his wide domain,
As years succeed, illustrious Britain reign.
O'er every sea their course expert to steer,
A dauntless race 'tis Britain's pride to rear,
Unrivall'd Mariners, whose Art explores
Barbaric realms, and Earth's remotest shores.
Proudly her vessels bound before the gale,
Where choice directs, or threat'ning hosts assail;
O'er billowy tracks her pennons court the breeze,
Atlantic floods, or India's distant seas.

Prompt at their Country's call, each foe defied,
Her hope in peril, and in arms her pride,
O'er subject waves her fearless sons afar
Spread the bright conquests of infuriate War.
Oh! hadst thou, Britain! known, in days of yore,
These guardian bulwarks of thy menaced shore,
In vain Ambition far o'er Ocean's bed
Rome's daring Consul to thy coast had led;
No Spoiler's ravage had thy fields deplored,
No conquering Eagles o'er thy plains had soar'd:
Indignant Cæsar, 'midst his hopes o'erthrown,
One glorious nation unsubdued had known,
One spot had witness'd, Freedom's native home,
Outlive the triumphs of imperial Rome.
Ye Shores renown'd! whose barrier cliffs restrain
The angry billows of the restless Main,

Whose snow-white rocks, in long projecting file,
Form the bold rampart of this favour'd Isle,
Oft from your heights assembling crowds have mark'd
Your patriot sons on Ocean's tide embark'd,
Your gallant fleets beheld, with hearts as free,
Bound o'er the waters of the dark blue sea.
Majestic sight! by swelling breezes fann'd,
Wide o'er the deep the countless sails expand;
Launch'd on the gulf the prows securely urge
Their course intrepid through the rising surge;
Unheeded roars the Sea's tumultuous wrath,
And waves divided mark their foamy path.
Whate'er the course imperious Duty holds,—
Whate'er the prize inspiring Hope unfolds,—
Gaul's humbled pride once more to crush, or gain
The spoils alluring of presumptuous Spain,—

Swift o'er the sea the dauntless Chief pursues,
Or hostile ports with close blockade subdues;
While trembling foes behold, with hearts dismay'd,
The triple colours of his Flag display'd.
Such guardian aid the Merchant's hope befriends,
In peril's hour exported wealth defends;
O'er trading barks a ceaseless watch can keep,
And safely convoy o'er the stormy Deep.
And if, at distance seen, unfurl'd in air,
Some foreign Standard wave defiance there,
Some hostile Vessel in their course afar
Proclaim the signal of approaching war,
Near and more near as threat'ning dangers rise,
Redoubled zeal th' eventful hour supplies;
And anxious care the gallant Bands bestow
With favouring winds to meet th' approaching foe.
These o'er the waters urge a swifter flight,
These clear in haste the Vessel's deck for fight;

These, at her gaping ports, a chosen train,
In order due their settled post maintain,
And with high-beating hearts, with noiseless breath,
Direct the dread artillery of Death.
Through every rank, prepared for battle's palm,
On every side, prevails an awful calm:
No clamorous war-cry marks th' impending fray,
No impious threats the vengeful aim betray;
O'er the brave soul uncertain visions creep
Of glorious conquest, or eternal sleep.
Undaunted Race! your Country's noblest pride,
And dearer far than all her sons beside,
Whose hardy forms the Ocean's wrath defy,
Nor heed the bursting tempest from on high,
To your defence your native Land decrees
The vast dominion of her subject seas.
The strife begins:—with loud unceasing roar
Their deadly wrath the vollied thunders pour;

In deaf'ning peals destructive war they wage,
And vie with Ætna's fierce Volcanic rage.
Nor less o'erwhelming, where Perdition low'rs
In shelter'd ambush, fall the missile show'rs:
High o'er the deck, amidst the shrouds array'd,
Appointed bands afford successful aid;
Expiring foes their murderous aim display,
While shatter'd hulks no more the helm obey.
Oft at the shock as shiver'd beams divide,
Bursts through each ample breach the rushing tide;
Oft high in air, amidst devouring flame,
Exploding wrecks the frightful war proclaim;
For fiercely there, escaped from Stygian shades,
With fatal wrath the fiery Pest invades,
And far around, in Battle's awful hour,
Spreads the wild havoc of sulphureous pow'r.
Oft in the dubious conflict's ardent rage
Oppressive thoughts the Seaman's heart engage;

His Country's hearths, in Fancy's brightest hues,
His early haunts, his distant friends, he views,
And vainly hopes his mould'ring bones may lie
Beneath the sun-beams of his native sky.

Not such the strife, 'mid Ocean's deep abyss,
Seen from thy shore, triumphant Salamis!
Not with such terrors arm'd, her spoils of yore
From Persian foes exulting Sparta bore,
When scatter'd navies own'd her peerless might,
And pale Dishonour mark'd a Monarch's flight.
Not such the strife, these deadlier arts denied,
When Roman rivals plough'd the billowy tide;
Expectant Actium view'd the fierce array,
And Nations trembled at th' impending fray.

Queen of the Waves! surpassing pow'rs are thine
And days of old thy mightier deeds outshine;
Wide o'er the waters is thy proud domain,
And distant Seas bear record of thy reign.

Who o'er th' Atlantic flood unmoved can view
Thy dauntless race their path to fame pursue,
'Mid western skies thy banners waved survey,
And peopled cities subject to thy sway?
Who hath not shared, elate with virtuous pride,
The patriot zeal that Gallia's wrath defied,
That mock'd the ardour of Invasion's host,
And rear'd th' unfailing bulwarks of thy coast?
Nor less thy Sires the Muse's praise invite,
Unconquer'd Heroes of the ocean-fight,
When Spain, confiding in her strength, afar
Forestall'd the triumph of th' approaching war.
How vain her boast! Britannia's arms prevail;
Whelm'd in the deep, or driven before the gale,
Unseemly wrecks lie scatter'd o'er the main,
The proud Armada of insulting Spain.
Wide o'er thy realm, on Rumour's fleetest wing,
Spread the loud menace of Iberia's King,

Fill'd with impending gloom thy regal halls,
And shook with terror e'en thy Temple's walls.
Firm and unshaken in that hour was seen,
Arm'd in her Crown's defence, the Virgin Queen;
Roused at her call a kindred zeal unites
The stern avengers of their Country's rights.
No bigot Prince, disdain'd his proffer'd love,
Through Freedom's Isle in sceptred pride shall move;
No haughty Philip mock with high command
The ancient charter of her favour'd land.
Yet not alone th' applauding world admires
In naval war the conquests of our sires:
Still, brightly still, th' unfading glories beam,
And gallant Rodney forms the Patriot's theme.
Through the wide realm, no more with terror pale,
Their guardian Chief Britannia's matrons hail,

And teach, exulting in their Country's fame,
Unconscious youth to lisp the Victor's name,
Whose mighty deeds surpassing praise demand,
And with new lustre crown his native land.
Thrice have the laurel wreaths his brows adorn'd,
His routed squadrons thrice the foe hath mourn'd;
Thrice have the hostile shores beheld with dread
Their humbled chiefs in captive triumph led.
His was the might, on ocean's billowy crest,
In Lucar's bay defeated Spain confess'd,
When night descended o'er the scene, and gave
Redoubled horror to the blood-stain'd wave.
In vain for thee, around thy dauntless foes,
The stormy waters, proud Langara! rose;
In vain descended night's surrounding gloom,
To save thy squadrons, or avert thy doom.
His was the might, by western shores afar,
That baffled Gaul's aspiring aims in war,

When fearful natives from their Island coast
Beheld the terrors of th' embattled host:
Ranged on the bank, as, in theatric rows,
Entranced spectators gaze on mimic shows,
With beating hearts assembled crowds survey
The various fortunes of the doubtful fray,
With eager shouts their partial zeal declare,
And pour for Gaul their fervent hopes in prayer:
Vain, doubly vain;—before their tortured sight
Expiring comrades own Britannia's might;
How vast the strife,—the Victor's fair renown,—
Their scatter'd wrecks, their captive Leader, own.
Through years revolving still the Muse may trace
Th' untarnish'd fame of Albion's earlier race,
Still fondly view, as patriot zeal inspires,
The dauntless valour of her ancient sires.

And thou, bright Star of no degenerate age,
Shalt long the tribute of her praise engage,
Whose recent triumphs o'er her foe demand
The festive homage of her grateful Land.
Illustrious Howe! when Gallic wrath assail'd,
In battle's hour thy conquering arm prevail'd;
Propitious winds advanced the bold design,
Intrepid Britons broke th' embattled line,
Spread the wild panic through the routed host,
And drove th' Invader from their menaced coast.
And oh! since Albion, by thine aid, again
Wields undisturb'd her sceptre o'er the main,
Amidst the heroes of her race enroll'd
Thy cherish'd name as high a rank shall hold,
Loved and revered, as fair a page shall claim
Amidst the records of thy Country's fame.
Oft shall her sons the glorious morn recall,
That mark'd thy triumph o'er subjected Gaul;

And festal joys the noted day shall crown,
First in the annals of her bright renown.
And thou, whose standard on the Deep unfurl'd,
Unconquer'd Britain! awes th' admiring world,
In memory bear, while Fortune deigns to smile,
The constant safeguards of thy sea-girt Isle;
Still launch thy bulwarks on the briny floods,
And plant the acorns of thy native woods!
So shall thy foes, in future years that aim
In ocean-strife to mar thine envied fame,
That seek dominion o'er thy seas to bear,
With baffled hopes thy stedfast sway declare,
Confess invincible thy might, and own
That Britain's trident rules the waves alone.
And so, while, matchless in their martial deeds,
As time rolls forward, race to race succeeds,
While added trophies every age supplies,
In merit's scale exalted shalt thou rise,

And foes proclaim, that dare thy pow'r to brave,
Thy might to strike, thy clemency to save.
Then to thy sceptre, while the subject main
Divides thy tributary shores in vain,
Earth's distant nations shall the knee incline,
And the wide Empire of the World be thine!

NOTE.

Verse 179—214. In 1780, having previously intercepted a valuable Spanish convoy, Admiral Rodney fell in with Langara's fleet off Cape St. Vincent, and, after an obstinate engagement, completely defeated it, bringing home five ships of the line as the fruits of his victory. In 1781 he again sailed for the West Indies, and reduced the Dutch island of St. Eustatius; but his greatest triumph was achieved on the 12th of April the following year, when he obtained a decisive victory over the French fleet under De Grasse, capturing five, and sinking one of his largest vessels. A barony, and a pension of two thousand pounds, were the rewards bestowed on him by his country for services of such importance; and on his decease, in 1792, a monument was voted to his memory at the national expense, which has since been erected in the north transept of St. Paul's Cathedral.

THE

ESTABLISHMENT OF COLONIES

ON THE

WESTERN COAST OF AFRICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN PRIZE POEM

RECITED IN THE THEATRE AT OXFORD,

A. D. 1796.

BY

HENRY ATKINS,

FELLOW OF NEW COLLEGE;

AFTERWARDS PREBENDARY OF CHICHESTER.

THE

ESTABLISHMENT OF COLONIES

ON THE

WESTERN COAST OF AFRICA.

DEFENCELESS, poor, condemn'd in plight forlorn
Of tyrant sway to bear th' unceasing scorn,
In servile bonds the Sons of Afric stray'd
'Mid the wild horrors of their native glade,
'Till pitying Britain sought with prompt relief
To heal the bleeding anguish of their grief;
In social ties the savage race to bind,
And purge from Error's mist the darksome mind.
Mark in that squalid form, (disastrous sight!)
The mournful proof of Wisdom's absent light;

Mark in that sullen brow's unmeaning scowl,
The faithful index of th' untutor'd soul!
How oft, retreating from the spoiler's wrath,
How oft, distrustful of the lion's path,
'Mid reedy marshes, through the night, dismay'd,
His weary limbs the quivering wretch hath laid;
Or sought, as Heaven with starry lustre glows,
In some rude hut refreshment and repose.
A doubtful refuge there the wanderer meets;
No social joys endear the wild retreats;
No faithful natives own the nuptial tie,
View their young babes with fond parental eye,
No hallow'd charms of bliss domestic prove,—
But cold embraces of promiscuous love;
While endless discord o'er the land afar
Spreads the sad carnage of intestine war.
With grief unfeign'd the shuddering Muse recites
Their magic horrors and mysterious rites,—

Th' envenom'd bowls with vengeful aim design'd,—
The superstitions of th' unletter'd mind,—
Their idol-forms,—the fabled awe that broods
O'er the dark terrors of their haunted woods.
Unhappy race! too oft in Error's maze
Your wandering tribes the spoiler's art betrays;
In deeper mists o'erwhelms the mental ray,
That sordid gain may snatch an easier prey.
Too oft, the purchase of your toils and sighs,
Its bitter cares pernicious Wealth supplies;—
Unhappy race! yet Hope for you shall gleam,
And Britain's Sons your mighty wrongs redeem.
No thirst for gold, of fame no base desire,
No mean decrees her welcome aid inspire;
With virtuous aim the sword for you she draws,
And true philanthropy exalts the cause:
No adverse perils o'er that cause prevail,
No fierce tornado, no distemper'd gale;

Yields to no hostile wrath that purpose high,
No hardship daunts th' implanted Colony.
Hail, glorious Britons!—hail—of all her race,
Illustrious Senator!* the pride, the grace;
When Slavery's foes the victim's cause avow,
In virtuous eloquence unequall'd thou!
Not such the fame by Sparta's Sons acquired,
Not such the zeal in earlier Rome admired,
Though boundless sway th' imperial City knew,
And Sparta's laws the wise Lycurgus drew.
What grateful blessings would thine ear delight,
What festal scenes would cheer thy gladden'd sight,
What fervent praises on thy name be shed,
Should e'er thy steps to Afric's coast be led!
Hail, glorious Britons! fired by you, behold
Columbian states, in rival virtue bold,

* Wilberforce.

Their equal share in generous deeds proclaim,
And teach their sons the noblest path to fame.
Befriended thus, though France again may pour
Her wrathful vengeance on the menaced shore,
Befriended thus shall Afric's Sons survey
The dawning promise of a brighter day.
Lo! skilful hands, beneath her torrid skies,
Bid the fair town in social order rise;
The sheltering port experienced Art proclaims,
And Wisdom's aid the humble Senate frames.
Not for such fair intent the fortress rose,
Where Gambia's stream with blood empurpled flows,
Where civil strife defiled the placid waves,
And Pity mourn'd the fetter'd bands of slaves.
But War shall cease:—again o'er yonder seas,
The loathsome ship, polluted with disease,
To sad captivity no more shall bear
The sable victims of unceasing care;

No more thy mountains, o'er those seas that rise,
Gigantic Atlas! echo back their cries.
Torn was the husband from his bride's embrace,
Reft was the parent of his filial race;
Her cherish'd hopes the fond deserted maid
Mourn'd, on the eve of opening bliss, betray'd,
While tearful eyes through Sorrow's mist discern
The bark departing—never to return.
Base was the wretch, who first, with erring mind,
Upheld the impious traffic to mankind,
And taught that Heaven, when first Creation woke,
For Afric's tribe ordain'd oppression's yoke:
Then perish'd Faith; from that portentous hour
No sacred ties maintain'd ascendant pow'r:
Then rose, no more by generous thoughts controll'd,
The keen desire, the lawless thirst, for gold:

Accursed crime—oh! hard of heart, who show
No tender sympathy for human woe,
Think ye, mean tyrants, that your deeds afford
Approving pleasure to Creation's Lord?
That mortal beings, who His image bear,
Were doom'd the bonds of servitude to wear?
Who, ruthless spoiler, to thy fury gave
Despotic licence o'er th' afflicted slave?
Oh! should for thee, beneath thy native skies,
Capricious Fortune's adverse hour arise,
Think on thy sons to distant shores convey'd;
Suppose the partner of thy lot betray'd,
Behold thy parent, worn and weak with age,
The trembling victim of tyrannic rage;
View all, in thought, beneath Oppression's smart,
And let the sad reflection turn thy heart.
Obdurate wretch! no fancied ills can move,
No fond remembrance of domestic love;

Each gentler feeling of the man repress'd,
Insatiate Avarice hath steel'd his breast.

Their destined port when first the victims reach,
And, wan with misery, tread th' unwelcome beach,
Assembling crowds the captive bands surround,
With clamorous strife the echoing shores resound,
While fetter'd tribes are driven to toil, and sold
For the base lucre of destructive gold:
Oft, with infuriate threats, unknown to spare,
Insulting rulers mock their feeble prayer;
Beneath the Sun's meridian fervour urge
Incessant labour with uplifted scourge;
With savage wrath their bitter sway proclaim,
And gaze remorseless on the bleeding frame.
Yet sleeps not Vengeance:—oft tornados rise,
Sweep o'er the land the thunders of the skies;
Heaven's angry Monarch rides the wind, and pours
O'erwhelming tempests on the cultured shores;

Incipient harvests, by the storm o'ercast,
And fields of cane lie scatter'd in the blast.
But thou, sad Afric shalt in turn display
The future triumphs of a brighter day;
Too long neglected hath thy fertile plain
With fruits luxuriant been enrich'd in vain,
Too long thy rivers have their course pursued,
By barks untraversed, to th'. Atlantic flood.
In vain to Rome's victorious bands allied,
Thy Moorish race their warlike aid supplied,
In vain o'er realms by valour won, of yore,
Extended sway Numidian Juba bore.
Yet shall in future years the world admire
Thy tow'ry citadels to Heaven aspire;
Peace o'er thy land shall spread her cherish'd light,
And holier compacts all thy sons unite.
Then, in serener hours, to strife unknown,
That mercy learn to thee divinely shown,

Remember still the woes that once were thine,
And in thy deeds to Pity's voice incline!
Nor fail of Luxury the bane to shun;
So shall the meed of lasting praise be won,
So shalt thou mark, whate'er thy guiltless aim,
Propitious omens of increasing fame!
Oh! could I view, with generous hope elate,
Each early promise of thy blissful state,
For lowly huts the cloud-capt piles survey,
And mingling vessels harbour'd in thy bay!—
How fair the scene!—at length the axe invades
Thy giant forests, and unfruitful shades;
To nobler use thy prostrate trees applied
Cleave the dark billows of the swelling tide;
Oft by their aid diffused o'er distant lands
Shall flow the treasures of thy golden sands;
Oft shall be seen on Earth's remoter coast
The varied wealth thy fields productive boast;

Impetuous Niger, of thy floods the pride,
While fertile plains his bounteous streams divide,
Shall waft thy vessels by his waves upborne,
And teeming harvests shall his banks adorn.

Then shall the seaman from thy port unmoor
His fearless bark, and seek Batavia's shore;
'Mid Eastern seas shall linger as he sails,
To quaff the fragrance of Arabian gales:
Nile's sevenfold channels shall his course detain,
And ye, fair islands of th' Ionian main!
Far o'er the deep his venturous prow shall glide,
And Thames receive him on his silvery tide.
Yes—father Thames! upon thy margin green
In native garb shall Afric's sons be seen;
Full oft their sight enraptured shall explore
The sylvan Tempe of thy favour'd shore;
And as the eye full oft delighted roves
O'er regal palaces, and blooming groves,

Each eager heart with fond desire shall glow,
That charms like these their Libyan plains may know:
Hope to their zeal inspiring aid shall yield,
And guide the plough-share o'er th' uncultured field.
Oh! happy they, for whom the Fates decree
Such gladsome changes of their lot to see,
For whom shall flourish, undisturb'd by strife,
The future blessings of contented life.
Oppress'd with thirst for them the reedy plant
Its grateful juice, denied no more, shall grant;
Spontaneous fruits their citron boughs shall bear,
And with ambrosial fragrance fill the air:
Then shall the merchant, with industrious pride,
For various marts the turgent rice provide,
For Britain's fleeces barter o'er the main
The rich amomum of his native plain.

And thou, fair Maid, of social bliss the friend,
Celestial Liberty! their steps attend;
Thy sacred precepts let their laws obey,
And spread afar the bounties of thy sway!
Lo! joyful Peace with thee delights to reign,
And spotless Chastity adorns thy train;
Pure 'mid thy homes the vows of passion prove,
And Hymen lights the hallow'd torch of Love.
Deign, heavenly Maid! to shed thy radiant smile
On Afric's region, as on Britain's isle;
Nor deem untaught thy precious gifts to prize
The sable natives of her sultry skies.
Oft have I seen, on Britain's welcome shore,
When Slavery's chains degrade and bind no more,
Some faithful African, with vain controul,
Evince the high-born feelings of his soul;
His master's knees embrace in artless joy,
And every sign of gratitude employ,

Through storm, through sun-shine, vow without reward
Spontaneous service to his cherish'd lord.
Bear witness thou, in vain beyond thy race,
Unhappy Prince!* endow'd with mental grace;
Oh! hadst thou lived, by Heaven's indulgent will,
Through lengthen'd years Naimbanua's throne to fill,
What pious laws had riper wisdom plann'd,
What noble deeds adorn'd thy native land!
Yet not in vain across th' Atlantic wave
Her friendly aid united Britain gave;
In pillar'd fanes, by holy footsteps trod,
Behold the altars of th' acknowledged God!
Of Stygian shades behold the forms effaced,
And Superstition from her throne debased!

* The son of Naimbanua, King of Sierra Leone.

Not wholly vain :—what though mistaken fear
Confuse the mind in Error's dark career,
Yet oft hath Reason triumph'd o'er the gloom,
And told of future joys beyond the tomb:
The time shall come, so Afric's race believe,
When fate no more the funeral wreath shall weave;
When each again, by foes oppress'd no more,
Shall roam uninjured on his native shore,
Again shall meet, beneath the fig-tree shade,
His lost companions, free and undismay'd,
By Gambia's banks in careless sport shall rove
With the fond partner of his early love.
Britons, proceed! the blameless hope portray,
To heavenly mansions point the surer way!
Of worldly pleasure show the Pagan dross,
And teach the vast Redemption of the Cross;

To Afric's race Heaven's pure rewards explain,
Angelic hosts, and Joy's eternal reign!
Then shall the mind, no more obtusely cold,
By slow degrees sublimer powers unfold,
With deep research shall Nature's laws review,
And paths that lead to virtuous fame pursue:
Then, by fair Science led from shore to shore,
Nile's hidden source shall future tribes explore;
Advancing far, where Libyan wastes abound,
The spot shall trace by Cato's death renown'd;
Where Carthage flourish'd, mark the desert plain,
Of horn-crown'd Bacchus view the ruin'd fane,
Gigantic pyramids with awe survey,
And own the spoils of Egypt's ancient sway.
With envious eye shall some the stars admire,
How lunar influence rules the tides inquire,
How orient beams dispense the matin light,
And milder radiance decks the orb of night.

Some, as their charms returning summers yield,
Shall cull the flow'rets of the dewy field;
With skilful care their healing balm impart,
And seek renown in Esculapian Art.

And oh! ye Nine, th' impassion'd lay inspire,
To patriot themes attune the poet's lyre.
There let the Bard, as deeply-rapt he roves
'Mid the pale moon-light of the silent groves,
Of Afric's fame, in tributary verse,
The rising splendour to the world rehearse;
And as around his gladden'd eye surveys
Her towering cities and extended bays,
Views o'er the deep her countless sails expand,
Let Britain's praise sublimer strains demand;
On every coast let echoing rocks proclaim,
How grateful Afric loves the Briton's name!

NOTES.

Verse 65. In the month of October, 1794, the French destroyed the colony of Sierra Leone, with many circumstances of the most wanton cruelty.

Ver. 90. Las Casas, although so benevolent a protector of the native Indians, was innocently the author of the Slave-trade, which has since been carried to so shocking an extent, by proposing to purchase negroes from the Portuguese in Africa, to supply the colonial planters, from the want of labourers of which they complained, and his plan was unfortunately put into execution.

Ver. 262. Bacchus was represented with horns, either because he taught the cultivation of the earth with oxen, or because Jupiter his father appeared to him in the deserts of Libya under the shape of a ram, and supplied his thirsty army with water.

THE

RHINE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN PRIZE POEM
RECITED IN THE THEATRE AT OXFORD,
A. D. 1797.

BY

THE HONORABLE WILLIAM HERBERT,

OF CHRIST CHURCH,

AFTERWARDS FELLOW OF MERTON COLLEGE.

THE

RHINE.

" YE guardian Pow'rs divine, whose viewless forms
" Outpour the blast, and guide the headlong storms,
" Ye, whom these rocks obey, and waters hoar,
" Who shake Heaven's concave with the thunder's roar,
" Gods of my Country! stay the pride of Rome,
" From your own vales avert th' impending doom!
" Arrest the mad Invader's fierce career,
" And curb his impious rage with holy fear!"

Thus, startled from his deep and oozy bed,
The Genius of the Rhine uprising said,
As on his banks the radiant host he spied,
And Cæsar's burthen cast upon his tide.
Still o'er his troubled flood unceasing glows
The giant labour of Hesperian foes;
The massive piles unite the level shores;
Beneath, th' indignant eddy chafes and roars.
Wide spread the panic o'er the menaced coast;
The war-cry rose through all Germania's host;
Shrilly it echo'd from her bards afar,
And roused the patriots of her soil to war:
Prompt at the signal of renew'd alarms,
The blue-eyed Suevian seized his deathful arms;
At the known call the wild Sicambrian sprung
To battle, and Helvetia's mountains rung;
In mystic caves aghast the Augur stood,
While clanging brass peal'd through th' Hercynian wood;

Shook as in fear each sacred oak around,
And gathering tribes assembled at the sound.
Rapt into future times the Genius rose,
And breathed a stern defiance to his foes:
" Forbear, proud Chief! in fortune's gifts elate,
" To vex with war Germania's peaceful state;
" Nor dare," he cries, " with hostile wrath invade
" The dreaded guardians of her forest shade.
" These holy groves, in gloom unearthly dress'd,
" Pale spectral forms and phantom shapes invest:
" Oft at approaching midnight's silent hour
" The trembling native owns their mystic power;
" In battle's tempest oft with reckless ire
" Their warrior sons the sylvan Bards inspire;
" 'Mid the deep wood terrific sounds dismay,
" Where fierce Teuthates seeks his bleeding prey;
" Where awful Taranis dominion holds,
" And warlike Hesus all his pomp unfolds.

" Recall thy legions from these blest abodes,
" Nor dare the conflict with my Country's Gods!
" In vain these haunts thy chosen bands invade,
" Where patriot Valour guards the hallow'd shade;
" One sacred impulse every heart excites,
" And, as grim War with matchless charm invites,
" Fame's ardent hopes renew the faltering breath,
" And drown the terrors of impending death:
" And still, when Fate the Hero's might subdues,
" No Stygian realms, a wandering ghost, he views;
" That form again, in youthful vigour bright,
" Shall rush exulting to the fields of fight,
" With cherish'd love defend its native plain,
" And die in Freedom's holy cause again.
" Infuriate Roman! would thine eagles fly,
" 'Mid the cold breeze of changeless winter's sky;

" These ice-clad hills and snowy realms invade,
" And banish Freedom from her ancient glade?
" Hold, daring Cæsar! Rome shall oft deplore
" That e'er thy legions trod Germania's shore;
" Thy vanquish'd race Perdition shall enthrall,
" And Vengeance triumph in Ausonia's fall:
" Barbaric hordes inured to toil shall glow
" With savage hope her brighter charms to know,
" From Northern realms, where icy horrors reign,
" Shall sweep destructive o'er her fertile plain.
" E'en now their march assembling Chiefs prepare;—
" Hark! Alpine echoes spread the notes of war;
" Exulting shouts proclaim their wild delight,
" Where cultured fields and golden spoils invite.
" Nursed in the mountain blast and wintry snow,
" O'er her green meads a glance of joy they throw,

" Breathe, too forgetful of their stormy gales,
" The balmy zephyrs of Hesperian vales,
" 'Mid rosy bowers in strange delight recline,
" And pluck th' unwonted treasures of the Vine.
" And thou, proud City! whose imperial sway
" Surrounding realms and distant shores obey,
" Thou, glorying Rome! a mightier power shalt own,
" And mourn the trophies of thy fame o'erthrown,
" Ingulph'd in ruin Cæsar's bright abodes,
" And bow'd to dust the temples of thy Gods.
" Far happier realms prophetic Hope surveys,
" And purer scenes benignant Peace displays;
" Her native hills and tranquil shades among,
" Where first to light the mountain Goddess sprung,
" Still spotless Liberty her sway maintains,
" And rigid Virtue in Helvetia reigns.

" No race degenerate, no enfeebled forms
" Shrink from the blast, or dread the gathering
storms;
" There the bold native, fill'd with patriot zeal,
" 'Mid Alpine rocks a proud delight can feel;
" Aspiring thoughts the pine-clad heights awake,
" And the blue waters of the Leman lake.
" Dear is each spot;—no holier tie can move
" The brave Helvetian than his Country's love:
" Prompt at her call, his arm, untaught to yield,
" In peril's hour uplifts the Patriot's shield;—
" Dear is each spot;—though wintry blasts pre-
vail,
" Inspiring Music breathes in every gale;
" Romantic charms adorn the mountain brow,
" Though its sole vesture be th' untrodden snow.
" Wide o'er the land again shall War fulfil
" The dark decrees of Heaven's mysterious will:

" Renown'd in arms, a brave heroic race,
" The future annals of my fame shall grace,
" In Honour's cause triumphant shall engage,
" And add fresh lustre to th' enlighten'd age.
" Hail! mighty Warriors of illustrious days,
" By glory led, and thirst for deathless praise;
" Ennobling conquests shall your sway proclaim,
" And forts subdued bear record of your fame.
" Proud of your deeds, exulting to the shore
" My subject waves a bolder stream shall pour,
" And far around my gladden'd sight shall own
" The pomp victorious of your vast renown.
" These are the triumphs Heaven's decrees ordain,
" As years proceed, to deck Germania's plain;
" Nor Thracian groves nor Libyan sands have proved
" By Mars himself so cherish'd and beloved.

" His sceptre here the Warrior-God shall wield,
" His chosen bands array for battle's field,
" Here sound the terrors of his fierce alarms,
" And rouse the subjects of his realm to arms.
" Yet not the same his form, the same his mien,
" As thou, great Cæsar! clad for War hast seen;
" The spear and shield for deadlier arms resign'd,
" With all the threats of Jove himself combined,
" 'Mid vollied thunders he pursues his path,
" And mows down armies in his dreadful wrath.
" Yet shall not War's continual strife prevail,
" Nor endless carnage taint the mountain gale;
" To nobler aims shall peaceful arts invite,
" And dawning Science shed diviner light:
" 'Mid calm retreats shall Learning's purer aid
" Of Gothic darkness pierce the barren shade;
" On Leyden's walls her brightest smiles shall beam,
" And favour'd Bâsle be the Muse's theme.

" Then o'er my fields shall bounteous Plenty reign,
" Then golden harvests clothe the fertile plain;
" Where gloomy forests waved in dark array,
" Their purple charm shall clustering vines display;
" And, as the waves intrepid barks divide,
" Securer skill the Mariner shall guide;
" Th' unerring Compass shall his course control,
" And the true index of th' attractive Pole.
" Increasing glories open to my sight,
" And cheering scenes again my praise invite.
" Where Ocean, rising o'er the swampy plain,
" Opposing dikes and sandy banks restrain,
" Where adverse nature yields to constant toil,
" Industrious natives drain the marshy soil;
" Deck the low waste with teeming Culture's pride,
" And nobly triumph o'er th' encroaching tide.

" O blest again with Freedom's cherish'd love!
" Spain's haughty pride no more your race shall
prove;
" No future Alva's fierce tyrannic sway,
" No daring Farnese, shall your sons obey;
" Admiring realms shall own, in danger's path
" Your stedfast purpose, and unshaken faith.
" Wide o'er the world my gladden'd streams be-
hold
" Propitious Commerce all her charms unfold;
" Through stormy seas her venturous barks explore
" The unknown region, and the distant shore.
" Here shall in future years from every coast
" Imported stores my crowded havens boast;
" Here from Peruvian mines be wealth reveal'd;
" Here fair Ceylon her spicy treasures yield;
" Here oft, from India's burning plains convey'd,
" From Niger's banks, and Gambia's palmy shade,

" Their varied gifts confederate tribes shall bear,
" And choicest produce for these marts prepare.
" Oft o'er these waves, with costly freight supplied,
" The anxious Merchant's homeward bark shall glide,
" Rejoicing throngs the wondrous spoils surround,
" And busy murmurs through the port resound.
" Then as my stream in sinuous course proceeds
" Through fertile pastures, and prolific meads,
" High on each bank, aspiring to the skies,
" Th' embattled tower and princely dome shall rise;
" There shall be seen Religion's holy fane;
" And smiling Plenty o'er the land shall reign.
" Yet ah! what scenes, on Gallia's shore survey'd,
" O'er my bright triumphs cast a mournful shade?

" Wide o'er her coast rebellious Frenzy raves;
" Her fatal torch infuriate Discord waves,
" And yields, subversive of the ancient Faith,
" An ampler harvest for the scythe of Death.
" 'Mid trampled laws expiring Honour lies,
" And purer hopes that pointed to the skies;—
" No patriot cares heroic breasts engage,
" War's fiercest horrors spread unwonted rage;
" Polluted shrines attest th' o'erwhelming strife,
" And ties dissever'd of domestic life.
" Oh! from these blood-stain'd banks how oft shall rise
" The battle's din, and Death's unpitied sighs!
" When, when shall War's remorseless carnage cease,
" And frantic nations own the charms of Peace?
" Oh! when shall Liberty, celestial Maid,
" Bless the green valleys of her native glade?

" Too long these shores have heard Oppression's moans,
" Too long have whiten'd with unburied bones.
" Hail, Virgin Goddess of the Groves! to thee
" Low at thy shrine we bend the suppliant knee,
" With votive gifts adorn thy sacred fane,
" And seek, O Liberty! thy blissful reign.
" Yet oh! not such, with visionary views,
" As Gallia's host 'mid scenes of blood pursues;
" But thee, fair Queen! to virtuous deeds confined,
" Thy calmer brow with olive wreaths entwined,
" Enrobed with Purity's unspotted vest,
" The Arts thine handmaids, and the Muse thy guest!"

NOTES.

Verse 40. The Bards of the Germans recorded in their songs all public transactions, and sung the praises of their warriors and illustrious men. The strains of verse which they poured forth in their enthusiasm, were the prelude to battle, and inspired their chiefs with heroic fortitude. Perhaps nothing contributed more to make the German nations stand at bay for such a length of time with the whole power of the Romans.

Ver. 42. Teuthas, or Teuthates, a name of Mercury among the Gauls. The people offered human victims to this deity.

Ver. 44. Hesus, the Mars of Gaul and Germany, was also propitiated by human sacrifices. Lucan speaks to the same purpose:

" Et quibus immitis placatur sanguine diro
" Teutates horrensque feris altaribus Hesus."

Ver. 153. " The physical circumstances under " which the Hollanders were placed, occupying a " sandy, marshy, and unfruitful country, periodically " overflowed by the large rivers which intersect it,

" and occasionally laid waste by the more violent ir-
" ruptions of the ocean, naturally stimulated the inha-
" bitants to endeavour to protect themselves from in-
" undation, by constructing artificial mounds along
" the banks of the rivers and the sea-coast. The *duris*
" *urgens in rebus egestas* whetted the ingenuity of the
" Hollanders, and gave them courage to undertake,
" and patience to overcome, the most formidable en-
" terprises."—*Edinburgh Review.*

Ver. 161, 162. The Duke of Alva is well known as the merciless executioner of his detestable master Philip II., in the Netherlands, where he attempted to crush the rising spirit of religious freedom and of resistance by a series of the bloodiest cruelties recorded in history. He annihilated every remaining privilege of the people, beheaded the two popular leaders, the Counts Egmont and Horn; and filled the whole country with horror and dismay, having, as he himself boasted, consigned 18,000 persons to execution.

Alexander Farnese, third Duke of Parma, was highly distinguished as a military commander under the same monarch, and succeeded Don John of Austria in the government of the Low Countries in 1578.

THE

RELIGION OF BRAHMA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN PRIZE POEM
RECITED IN THE THEATRE AT OXFORD,
A. D. 1800.

BY

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THE

RELIGION OF BRAHMA.

O'ER thy fair plains, Pandion's realm of yore,
Too long of strife the mournful scene, Mysore!
Again shall Peace her olive-branch expand,
And Discord cease at Britain's high command:
See from Seringa's rock,—where erst in vain
The treacherous Sultan arm'd his warrior train,—
Wide-conquering Albion, in auspicious hour,
Spreads to the breeze the banners of her power.
Let nobler Minstrels, whom the Nine inspire,
In Britain's praise awake the tuneful lyre,
Let favour'd Bards in loftier verse proclaim
The Nation's triumph, and the Chieftain's fame;—

With deep research, of India's mingled race
The earlier rites and ancient lore to trace,
Through ages past explore with bold design
Religion's light, the humbler task be mine.

Yet hard to tell, at whose supreme command
Her legal code adorn'd and bless'd the land,
From whom derived, through countless years unchanged,
Religious Faith her subject tribes arranged;
Firm, unforsaken, through each adverse hour,
'Mid varying forms and menaced ills of pow'r,
That holy Faith the dread Usurper braved,
When Tartar bands her wide domain enslaved.

From distant Egypt came the mystic rite?
From Nile's dark idols sprung Religion's light?
Were such the Gods that, struck with awe divine,
The prostrate Theban hail'd at Memnon's shrine?

That Saïs once with suppliant vows implored,
And Memphian kings in ancient days adored?
Or say, did first on India's burning sands
Assyrian Magi teach divine commands,
When fierce Semiramis, as Fame records,
Led o'er Himalah's hills barbarian hordes,
By Gonga's flood her banners high unfurl'd
To wave victorious o'er an Eastern world?
Though dark the source,—in days renown'd of old
If sacred Truth by gifted Seers be told,—
No impious rites disgraced the heaven-ward path,
And earlier ages own'd a purer faith.
Yet he, whoe'er with skill supreme bestow'd
Religion's form, and Law's perfective code,
He for each tribe a separate lot design'd,
And mark'd the four gradations of their kind.
These, far apart, promiscuous speech forswear;
No social intercourse of life they share;

No mutual pledge united hearts afford,
No sweet communion cheers the festive board:
With pious zeal, with high unbending views,
Each stedfast Caste appropriate arts pursues;
And in that rank, as sapient laws ordain,
Through life's extent shall changeless tribes remain,
That destined rank, which Heaven at first assigns,
And sacred keep the duties it enjoins.
From age to age endures the fix'd decree,
With forms of old existing forms agree;
From race to race one kindred impulse guides,
One ruling principle o'er all presides;
Sons, like their sires, 'till Nature's last decay,
Pursue th' unvaried tenor of their way.
Humblest of these, and doom'd with ceaseless care
Of menial service all the task to bear,

Oppress'd with ills from childhood to the grave,
The patient Soodra lives despised, a slave.
His are the duties of domestic toil,
His the hard tillage of the sun-burnt soil;
When waving corn, beneath autumnal skies,
And turgent rice the cultured land supplies,
When bounteous Earth the ripen'd harvest yields,
His are the servile labours of the fields.

But the rich Banian, of superior grade,
In commerce versed and anxious cares of Trade;
From distant coasts for India's mart supplies
Their varied stores and choicest luxuries:
To him Sabæa's perfumed gifts are known,
The fragrant cinnamons of fair Ceylon,
The precious ores beneath the soil that gleam,
Where'er Mæsolus pours his winding stream,
The golden spoils, the sparkling gems, that shine
In the deep bosom of Golconda's mine.

Of higher rank a warlike race behold,
In martial deeds unconquerably bold,
Illustrious tribes, through battle's dread career,
Inured to danger, and unknown to fear;
Nursed in the camp a soldier's aid they lend,
And from her foes their native land defend.
Such were the chiefs, in sovereign pomp enthroned,
Whose laws of old a hundred nations own'd,
While still o'er India's ancient realm they sway'd,
Nor yet had Timour's lawless band dismay'd;
Such once was Porus,—whose unyielding pride
Th' Emathian Victor's mighty host defied.
Renown'd for sanctity, of high-born race,
The pious Brahmin holds the foremost place;
To him, presiding o'er each holy fane,
Each holy law expounding to his train,
Hath mighty Brahma mental vigour given,
And godlike attributes direct from Heaven.

These, 'mid their Temples, far from worldly strife,
Pursue the tenor of their tranquil life,
The various precepts of their creed unfold,
(That strict commands from sight profane withhold)
And gain for all by abstinence and prayer
Such bounteous favours as the Gods prepare.
Whoe'er hath pass'd his contemplative hours
Where Ganges flows beneath Cassidia's towers,
Or stray'd where Cavery disparting wide
Seringham's Isle encircles with his tide,
(Though Time o'er each in dusky grandeur reigns,)
Hath view'd with awe the consecrated fanes:
Here shall the eye those massive piles admire,
Mark the bold turret, and the lofty spire,
Dwell in deep wonder on the proud abodes,
Gigantic shrines of India's heathen Gods:
Here 'mid these holy walls, in ages fled,
His life retired the saintly Brahmin led,

Creation's works in all their forms survey'd,
And Nature's laws his pleasing study made;
Oft hath he ponder'd on the power that guides
The changeful seasons and the ebbing tides,
Pursued in thought the planets as they roll,
And scann'd the starry lustre of the Pole.
Oh! not unworthy of the Sage to trace
The sacred volumes of that mystic race:—
To muse reflective on their ancient lore,
Their earlier customs and their fame explore,
The varying fate of Empires to regard,
Shall oft the Student's pensive toil reward.
Oft shall *his* name awake the fond desire,
His cherish'd memory oft the task inspire,
Whom late, on Learning's deep pursuit intent,
To Indian climes admiring Oxford sent.
Accomplish'd Jones! from that ill-omen'd plain
Though Fate denied thee to return again,

Though Death untimely mark'd thee for the tomb,
Still undecay'd thy spotless fame shall bloom;
Still, though on earth his envied race be run,
With truth shall Themis own her noblest Son;
And Heaven prepare, 'mid realms unknown to Death,
The brightest recompense of Christian faith.

My theme again, digressive Muse! rehearse;
Let India's Gods command descriptive verse;
In due succession let the Bard declare
What forms divine inspire the votive prayer;
What ruling powers o'er helpless man preside,
In shrouded pomp on subject Earth abide,
Or, throned in glory, 'mid the Saints forgiven,
Adorn above the star-paved courts of Heaven.

One mighty Being 'mid these bright abodes
With sway unbounded rules o'er men and Gods:

No mortal shape, no visible array,
Proclaim his glories to the sons of clay;
But far apart, as majesty beseems,
From every eye he veils his awful beams:
At his command, while yet in Chaos pent
Disorder'd lay each jarring element,
In glittering splendour, as Tradition shows,
Celestial Brahma's giant form arose,
Spread its bright pinions o'er the mass of strife,
And all Creation started into life:
Yet when th' Almighty sire, in order due,
Mark'd the fair scenes expanding to his view,
Lest all their charms, deprived of guardian aid,
Should, crush'd by Time, irrevocably fade,
His prudent thought conceived a wiser aim,
And at his word obedient Vishnou came;
He, ever present, with defensive power
Averts, 'tis said, Decay's approaching hour,

His firm protection Earth and Sea declare,
And Skies unfaded own his fostering care.
Far other duties Siva's zeal attest,
And Wrath vindictive rules the Monster's breast;
Him hath the Sire endow'd with high command,
And arm'd with thunders his destructive hand,
That fiercely sweeping o'er each peopled plain
Consign mortality to dust again:
By him dispersed o'er all the world beneath,
In varied shapes appear the train of Death;
Prompt at his call Disease's phantom band
And ghastly Famine triumph o'er the land,
War's fatal ills unhappy Earth deform,
And deadly Havoc riots in the storm.
Parent of Nature! at whose will decreed
With vital heat expands the glowing seed,
To thee, Bhavani! hath Tradition given
The next bright station 'mid the Powers of Heaven:

Thine are the gifts that through Creation's race
Nurse the young offspring, and the dead replace;
Beneath thy smile the vernal Zephyrs blow,
And flowers fresh-blooming deck the world below;
Through mortal bosoms thou with kindling fire
Canst spread the raptures of a chaste desire;
When hearts united breathe the nuptial vow,
The tender guardian of their loves art thou!
But see, with hurried step and visage wild,
Nareda comes, with human blood defiled;
This threat'ning hand a trenchant weapon sways,
This high in air a trunkless head displays;
Whilst round his path, where'er he moves, are spread
The fumes of gore, the vapours of the dead.
No choral train within his temple meet,
No echoing lutes his gladsome praise repeat;

Accusing groans more pleased the monster hears,
Beholds with joy Mankind's despairing tears;
More welcome Discord and infuriate Strife;
More dear th' expiring agonies of life;
With dying shrieks his crowded fanes resound,
And votive blood bedews th' unholy ground.

Leave not untold Ganesa's power that rules
O'er Wisdom's haunts, and Art's instructive schools;
Nor pass unsung the Deity that yields
Abundant harvests and prolific fields.
Another comes;—on battle's doubtful plain
Lo! Carticeya leads his warrior train,
Deals from unnumber'd hands the deadly blow,
And fiercely tramples on the prostrate foe.

Oh! how the Indian errs from truth, and strays,
How gross the falsities his creed displays!
What fearful penalties, what bitter grief,
Attend his precepts, and his vain belief!

For hope is his th' applause of Heaven to win,
And cleanse his soul from man's primeval sin,
If, self-inflicted on his sinking frame,
Horrific punishments his woe proclaim.
Long painful fasts devoted wanderers keep,
Through tedious nights contemn refreshing sleep,
Unshelter'd brave meridian suns, or roam
Through wintry deserts, careless of a home;
Or dwell unclothed amidst the forest-glade,
Where the broad Fig-tree spreads its ample shade,
Its countless boughs o'er wondrous space expands,
And yields encampment to collected bands.
Some prone on earth through lengthen'd years remain;
O'er kindling fires the tortured limb sustain;
With galling fetters load the form, or smart
From keen incisions of the pointed dart:

Nor yet, when life beneath the load declines
Of tedious ills that misled Faith assigns,
Will stubborn votaries their fate delay,
Or use one effort to avert decay;
With willing hearts they greet the flagging breath,
And haste to mount the funeral pile of death.
And e'en if age by slow and mild degrees
Creep o'er the frame unburthen'd with disease,
Still fly th' Enthusiasts from the world, unmoved
By social ties, and all that once they loved;
Forswear the joys, the passions, of mankind,
That nought may vex their Heaven-directed mind.

Thus, mighty Brahma! fix'd on thee alone,
Thy power supreme with all their heart they own;
Long for the hour, when, free from worldly stain,
Celestial shores the happy soul shall gain,

Of Heaven's Creator dwell the constant guest,
And taste the blessings of eternal rest.
For still, howe'er in Error's path they stray,
Not wholly darken'd is the Brahmin's way;
With high-born thoughts, unmix'd with earthly leaven,
Their saintly lives they dedicate to Heaven,
By holy musings, 'mid their calm abodes,
Prepare to seek communion with their Gods.
Pure is each prayer the blameless heart employs;
Theirs is no fancied Heaven of sensual joys;
No vain delusions wake impure desires,
But Virtue's charm alone the breast inspires.
Parent of all! display thy tender love,
From India's realm the lowering cloud remove,
Bid Superstition at thy mandate fly,
And spread around the Day-spring from on high!

Thy praise no more let rites unhallow'd mock;
Oh! gather all to Christ's enlighten'd flock;
Beneath one Shepherd let one fold unite,
And grant to all the Word's unerring light!

NOTES.

Verse 1. There seems to be some analogy between the name Pandion and the Brahminical system of belief. Among the old dynasties of the Hindoos, mention is made of a race of heroes named Pandus, who triumphed over their opponents the Koros; and the latter are therefore denominated in the sacred songs of the East, the race of evil princes. In the time even when the Periplus recorded by Arrian was effected, we find a monarch of the name of Pandion in South Deccan, to whose dominions the pearl-fishery belonged; and Ptolemy makes Modoura the residence of Pandion. It is curious to observe, that in the sacred traditions of the East, a place named Madura, or Mathura, on the upper part of the Ganges, is the home of Crishnoo, who is celebrated as having been the friend of the Pandus in Mahabarat.—*Anthon's Bibliotheca Classica.*

Ver. 64. From the feet of Brahma were produced the lowest of the castes, viz. that of the Soodra, who generally fill degraded situations, and attend to the menial occupations of life.—Ver. 71. The Banians (signifying Bankers) stand contradistinguished from the three other castes, into which the Hindoos are

divided, and comprehend all who live after the manner of merchants.—Ver. 81. The third caste of the Hindoos is the Ketri or Cuttery tribe, or military; all their kings and rulers should belong to it; its supposed origin from the heart of Brahma indicating the prudence and courage which should distinguish soldiers and rulers.

Ver. 91. Porus was a king of India, who, when Alexander invaded Asia, marched a large army to oppose him, and, being defeated, approached the conqueror of Darius as an equal. Alexander was so pleased at his magnanimity, that he not only restored all his dominions, but increased his kingdom by the conquest of new provinces.

Ver. 94. The highest of all the class is that of the Brahmins, or sacerdotal caste, said to have been produced from the head of Brahma, to establish their superiority over all the rest. The whole learning of India has been for ages in the hands of the Brahmins.

Ver. 107. Seringham is an island, formed by the River Cavery, and celebrated for its Pagoda, where pilgrims come from all parts of India with offerings of money to procure absolution.

Vers. 158, 166, and 171. The celebrated deity of

Hindostan is Brahma, and various subordinate agents are employed to conduct his government of the world. The two principal of these are Vishnou the Preserver, and Siva the Destroyer.

Ver. 185. Bhavani, or Bhawanee, the Venus of Hindoo mythology, is represented as the wife of Siva, and the mother of Camdeo, the Indian Cupid, as well as of Carticeya, (verse 214,) whose attributes are those of Mars.

Ver. 231. Some of the Banian or Indian fig-trees are of amazing size and great extent: the largest known grows on an island in the Nerbedda, and is famed throughout Hindostan for its surprising beauty; armies have encamped around it, and it is said that seven thousand persons find ample room to repose under its shade.

BYZANTIUM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN PRIZE POEM
RECITED IN THE THEATRE AT OXFORD,
A. D. 1803.

BY

PHILIP NICHOLAS SHUTTLEWORTH,
FORMERLY FELLOW, AND NOW WARDEN, OF NEW COLLEGE.

BYZANTIUM.

WHAT—shall the Queen of nations wear the chain,
The Nurse of Heroes own Oppression's reign?
Shall Othman's race barbaric pomp display,
Where mighty Cæsars held imperial sway?
Shall heaven-born Freedom o'er her favour'd shore
Diffuse her spirit-stirring joys no more?
Each glowing thought of early triumph cease,
And men from Brutus sprung despair of Greece?
Not with such promise o'er the Euxine main
The World's great Victors sought an ampler reign,

Prepared from Tiber's classic banks to roam,
Nor sigh'd to leave Ausonia's native home;
Not with such hope, reveal'd to Fancy's view,
On eastern shores a nobler empire grew,
Rome's conquering legions hail'd serener skies,
And Faith beheld a purer temple rise.

'Twas then, as Valour's ancient fire decay'd,
Surrounding tribes degenerate Rome dismay'd;
Invading Scythians aw'd her milder race,
And the bold menace of insulting Thrace:
'Twas then her Sons, with eager hope inspired,
Some peaceful realm on distant shores desired,
Where still might shine with renovated power
The fading glories of their brighter hour,
Their future years returning lustre crown,
And kings unborn restore their lost renown.
So on the mountain brow, with fearful stroke,
When Heaven's dread lightnings rend the giant oak,

If from the shiver'd trunk, as time allows,
Some careful hand shall lop the blighted boughs,
Soon from each strengthen'd branch the eye perceives
Fresh buds arise and renovated leaves;
Soon healthy shoots, where skilful art hath pruned,
Burst with new vigour from each recent wound.
Thus rose Byzantium; — thus, as Rome decay'd,
Of mightier fame the vast foundation laid;
Of deeds illustrious earn'd the praise divine,
And proudly boasted her Imperial Line.
What though at length in each polluted fane
No more assemble Virtue's holy train,
Though vanish'd now, or whelm'd in ruin wide,
Her ancient glories and victorious pride,
Full many a vestige still the scene displays
Of former grandeur and propitious days;

Here the wide portal, there the lofty dome,
Here stretch'd afar the spacious hippodrome;
Still, 'mid dismantled towers, and shrines o'er-
thrown,
'Mid crumbling masses of the sculptured stone,
Still views the eye, though shapeless wrecks o'er-
whelm,
The vast memorials of a mighty realm.
Here, as his course from India's coast he steer'd,
The seaman oft thy far-spread pomp revered,
When warning tempests urged his bark to glide
O'er the blue Hellespont's securer tide;
Oft as thy glories, bathed in western light,
Burst in full radiance on his raptured sight,
No partial thought his native home demands,
In vain may Ganges boast his golden sands,
In vain her gardens fair Ceylon may boast,
Each fond remembrance in Byzantium lost;

Unheeded now, amidst enchanting hours,
The blooming roses of Madura's bowers.
When, with the torrent's might, her wandering horde
From icy caves tumultuous Scythia pour'd,
Oft with deep envy gazed the savage race
On the rich harvests of prolific Thrace,
With sullen glance, while balmy zephyrs play'd
Through palace gardens, mark'd the cypress glade;
And homeward tending, where hibernal blasts
Unceasing roar amid their snowy wastes,
Pined for the power, before their sight that rose,
And dazzling glories, of triumphant foes.
Oft on his banks, with Persian blood imbued,
Affrighted Tigris own'd th' unequal feud;
In circling eddies headlong to the main
Hurl'd on his waves the dying and the slain;

Oft through the stormy night afar display'd
Th' imperial Eagles pierced the murky shade,
And through his fragrant woods reveal'd to view
Their gleamy track indignant Sapor knew.

Thus shone Byzantium;—nor to her denied
The calm delights that peaceful hours provide,—
The fairy day-dreams of th' inspiring Muse,—
The bliss secure that settled laws diffuse,
When vanquish'd tribes their barbarous state confess'd,
And Grecian edicts tamed the savage breast.
Byzantium flourish'd;—o'er the Libyan host
Her might prevail'd on Barca's blood-stain'd coast,
Of Vandal foes dispersed the fierce array,
And bow'd Canopus to her conquering sway.
Then from her trance emboldened Rome awoke,
Dash'd from her neck the despicable yoke,

Raised on the Palatine her head again,
And welcomed Victory's advancing train:
Then, as loud triumphs o'er the Goth defied
Hail'd Belisarius of his land the pride,
Borne to his banks exulting Tiber view'd
Th' unwonted trophies of a foe subdued.
Yet oft the soldier,—as his eye survey'd
Of ages past the mighty works decay'd,
Mark'd the bold fragments mouldering in the dust,
The silent court, the mutilated bust,—
Hath paused awhile, albeit in Triumph's hour,
And oft foreseen Byzantium's lessening power;
Foreseen the day when, bow'd in ruin, all
Her pomp shall fade, and she, like Rome, shall fall.
Unruffled scenes the present hour beguile,
And veering Fortune's too deceitful smile:

As yet no Tartar's fierce invading horde
O'er her fair plain barbaric war had pour'd;
Though, from the North as rush'd their wild array,
Nile's fertile pastures yielded to their sway;
Though Europe trembled, as, by climes allured
Where constant Spring a blissful home secured,
Their countless bands the painted warriors arm'd,—
No gathering feuds Byzantium's peace alarm'd.
Oh! more than happy, Greece! thy lot had proved,
But slothful ease the charms of power removed;
Immersed in luxury thy race became
In evil hour regardless of their fame.
Then spread by slow degrees o'er social life
Sedition's wiles the baleful seeds of strife,
With honied speech th' unguarded ear assail'd,
And o'er the fervency of youth prevail'd.

Then the dark fiend, that work'd through fear unseen,
Rebellious Discord, wore a bolder mien,
'Mid startled Europe rose erect, and stirr'd
The wavering nations at her mystic word.
Near and more near the awful menace rung,
O'er Rome, o'er Greece th' impending ruin hung;
Their servile yoke Germania's tribes disdain;
Loud savage war-notes swell the breeze again;
Again renew'd with twofold horror glows
The ruthless fury of barbarian foes:
Rent are confederate vows and social ties,
In adverse wrath Ausonia's legions rise;
Fraternal bands in battle's heat engage,
And Rome's fair city sinks beneath their rage.
Woe to Byzantium! from the tented homes
Of Arab chiefs a mightier Victor roams,

From Mecca's walls, th' Impostor's fame that boast,
And Salem's towers, he leads his conquering host:
Relentless foe—Hyrcania's wilds accurs'd
And icy Caucasus the Tyrant nurs'd,
With dread ambition steel'd his heart to gain
Despotic sway o'er Asia's wide domain.
What various realms their mingling force combine!
Lo! daring Egypt aids the bold design;
From sun-burnt hills behold the Nubian race
Sigh for the zephyrs and the groves of Thrace;
Panchaia's fields deserted homes display,
And send their sons exulting to the fray;
Balsora's tribes disdain ignoble peace,
And join th' Invader of devoted Greece.
Queen of the World, while Fortune ruled the helm,
Soon the mere shadow of a mighty realm,

Byzantium heard despairing from afar
The clang terrific of advancing war;
Heard on the Deep resounding oars, and mark'd
Gigantic warriors on her waves embark'd,
View'd on her coast the spoiler's fierce career,
And sunk dishearten'd at the sight in fear.
Yes—the proud Nation droops unnerved, nor heeds
Of high-born Brutus the transcendent deeds;
No more her Scipios nurse the patriot fire,
No more her Decii every breast inspire;
Fear strikes the race that brave Camillus own,
Low droops the nation, where a Cato shone.
Pale with the terrors of impending fate,
The mournful hour affrighted tribes await;
Cling to their altars with enfeebled hands,
That fail to save them from aggressive bands;
In vain the fury of their foes upbraid,
And sue too late indignant Heaven for aid.

O'erwhelming Ruin shakes th' embattled wall,
Dismantled turrets totter to their fall;
'Mid forts besieged Destruction holds her reign,
And batter'd portals levels with the plain.
Reveal'd to view, behold, on every side,
The gilded mansions of imperial pride,
Of sacred fanes the marble domes behold,
And all the splendour of their shrines unroll'd:
Here pillar'd halls to hostile eyes proclaim
The earlier trophies of Byzantium's fame;
While the fierce soldier, as his wandering gaze
Her matchless pomp diffused around surveys,
With noisome revelry her courts defiles,
And bathes in blood her consecrated aisles.

Fall'n is Hesperia!—fled her brighter day,
And quench'd in clouds her star's effulgent ray!
Of mighty Romulus the race is o'er,
And Asia's empress lifts her head no more!

Long in the pathways of renown she trod,
While subject nations trembled at her nod;
Now wrapt in night her darken'd glories fade,
And o'er her lustre hangs Oblivion's shade.
Oft as the stranger views in ruin wide
Each scatter'd vestige of her ancient pride,
Far from her doubtful homes he wends his way,
Nor dares unguarded 'mid her wrecks to stray.
For here no more intrepid Freedom smiles,
No more the Muse with tuneful charm beguiles;
Flown are the Graces, Faith exists no more,
And exiled Themis wanders from the shore:
To Northern realms the Heaven-born train repair,
Teach the bold race to brave their mountain air;
'Mid icy gales that sweep o'er Scythia's land,
With fostering love their genial wings expand.
How sad the change Byzantium mourns subdued!
Fierce angry passions wake th' unceasing feud;

Barbarian horrors unrestrain'd infest,
And e'en Religion wears a sullied vest;
Defiled with blood her bigot Priests convene,
And Superstition darkens every scene.

What though Mohammed, in triumphant hour,
O'er humbled nations wields despotic power,
Though the proud Chief luxurious ease disdains,
And fills with dread Italia's western plains,
Yet not to him are known the joys refined,
That sweeten life, and purify the mind:
No ties connubial fan the purer flame;
Unknown to him is Friendship's hallow'd name:
In Pleasure's path uncheck'd their blind career,
Unsoothed by Hope, and uncontroll'd by Fear,
His shameless race incestuous passions move,
And cold satiety embitters Love.
Yet not alone in Pleasure's path they stray;
Each ruthless heart malignant Hate can sway;

In scenes of blood each savage breast delights,
And glows exulting in tumultuous fights,
When vengeful Anger prompts the deadly strife,
Fearless of danger, prodigal of life.
Oh! not for them exists the true belief,
When mortal frames resign their load of grief,
That azure skies shall prove their bright abode,
And all the pure in heart behold their God.
No—still they deem, uncleansed from earthly stain,
In bowers of Paradise the soul shall reign,
Where sparkling nectar shall new joys inspire,
And, quaff'd the more, awaken fresh desire;
Where gales ambrosial shall the sense delight,
Where scenes voluptuous shall enchant the sight;
Where blue-eyed virgins every bliss improve
With charms unequall'd, and unwearied love.

Such was the race that Greece despairing view'd
Array'd in triumph o'er her realm subdued,
While startled Europe felt unwonted dread,
Lest the dire havoc all her coast o'erspread,
Lest true Religion from her fanes be driven,
And rites unholy dare the wrath of Heaven.
Yet—though, unmindful of her ancient sway,
Byzantium falls, of Luxury the prey,
Though Othman's race no generous praise invite,
And ports deserted seem to mock the sight,—
E'en now, 'mid relics of her early power,
Awaken'd thoughts can charm the pensive hour;
And, as the eye each hallow'd scene surveys,
Where the bold Roman won triumphal bays,
Where liberal arts a favour'd home possess'd,
And Emulation kindled every breast,
From Memory's fount the tears unbidden start,
And pleasing sorrows oft usurp the heart.

Yes—the fond tribute oft Remembrance pays
To past renown, and deeds of other days,
Pays to each vestige, that survives to prove
The pure Religion of Redeeming Love.
But, oh! if e'er the Muse, prophetic maid,
Of dim futurity may pierce the shade,
The time shall come, when e'en of Othman's line
The pomp shall vanish, and the power decline;
Of Moslem terrors every trace shall cease,
And patriot ardour rouse the sons of Greece;
The time shall come, when Liberty again
O'er happy Argos shall her sway maintain;
No more in war shall rival bands engage,
But all be concord in a blissful age:
Then free-born tribes, to peaceful arts inclined,
In paths of Science shall direct the mind;

And, as the records of the past unfold
The savage triumphs bought with blood of old,
Scarce shall their hearts, as fearful awe inspires,
Believe the deeds that long disgraced their sires.

NOTES.

Verse 62. Madura. An island, in the Indian Ocean, of great fertility and beauty, situated to the north of the east end of the Island of Java.

Ver. 80. Sapor. There were three kings of this name in Persia, by the first of whom the Emperor Valerian was defeated and taken prisoner. The forces of Persia were afterwards routed by Odenatus; the wives and treasures of the monarch fell into the hands of the conqueror, who penetrated, with little opposition, into the very heart of his kingdom.

Ver. 96. Belisarius, in a degenerate age, during the reign of Justinian, renewed all the glorious victories, battles, and triumphs, which had rendered the first Romans so distinguished in the time of their republic.

Ver. 140. On the 29th of May, 1453, Constantinople yielded to the assault of Mahomet II. eleventh Sultan of the Turks, the details of which memorable event are beautifully recorded in the great historical work of Gibbon. The moral qualities of Mahomet II. have been painted in the darkest colours by Christian

writers; and while the terror which he inspired may have led to exaggeration, enough remains to show that, with vigour of mind and body, and great loftiness of enterprise, he was exceedingly perfidious, brutally licentious, and inexorably cruel.

M A L T A.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN PRIZE POEM
RECITED IN THE THEATRE AT OXFORD,
A. D. 1804.

BY

C. WILLIAMS,

OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE.

MALTA.

Ye Souls illustrious,—whose triumphant aid
On Salem's towers the glittering Cross display'd,
Heaven's favour'd land, by Othman's race oppress'd,
Redeem'd of yore, and Judah's wrongs redress'd,
To faithful tribes Messiah's tomb restored,—
Hail, mighty Chiefs! the chosen of the Lord!
While Paynim foes your dauntless zeal bewail'd,
Through Error's mist Religion's light prevail'd,
Taught, as she bade the strife of Battle cease,
The social ties and bounteous gifts of Peace.

But not for you did smiling fates ordain
Of tranquil bliss the long unclouded reign;
Nor slept with Othman's race or Moslem bands
The bitter memory of their captured lands.
Still grieved the Soldan o'er his country's loss,
Mourn'd o'er his realm the triumphs of the Cross;
On Salem's conquest dwelt in frenzy wild,
And Sion's fields with Paynim blood defiled.

How oft afar, with threat'ning sails o'erspread,
The fear-struck Tyrant view'd the Ocean's bed;
How oft his bands, in battle's hour dismay'd,
Invoked in vain their fabled Prophet's aid!
Then, as severely raged the doubtful fight,
What gallant prowess deck'd the Christian Knight,
Let Acre tell—let conquering banners waved
Confess his sway o'er Arab hosts enslaved!

But sadder triumphs cloud the changeful scene:
On every shore the Prophet's tribes convene;

O'erwhelming force the Christian Isle assails,
And Moslem faith in vanquish'd Rhodes prevails.
Far from their pleasant fields, by fate pursued,
The pious train, unhoused yet unsubdued,
Bear o'er the wintry flood to realms unknown
The cherish'd relics of their fame o'erthrown;
Long o'er the deep their mournful course they hold,
Till Malta's rocks their snowy capes unfold.
No solace there unfruitful Nature yields;
No yellow harvests clothe the barren fields;
No flowers spontaneous grace their bleak abodes,—
Unknown the olives and the vines of Rhodes;
But ravening birds their scanty prey explore,
And seals ferocious haunt the gloomy shore.
In breathless awe the savage natives stand,
View with admiring gaze the warrior band;
Each glittering bark's unwonted splendour own,
And arms refulgent of a race unknown.

How swiftly Time the fairest scene deforms!—
Rent by the earthquake's rage or ocean-storms,
Wild barren tracts the rugged isle deface,
Where Nature once had lavish'd all her grace.
Where health untainted breathed in every gale,
Where solar radiance bless'd the fertile vale,
Girt with her sylvan train, in sportive mood,
Dulichium's Prince where fair Calypso woo'd,
Where flowery pastures rivall'd Tempe's plain,—
Dark shapeless rocks o'erlook the azure main.

Yet o'er the favour'd Isle shall glory beam;
Her kingly chiefs shall form the Muse's theme;
Each champion knight, of pure untarnish'd race,
Through four degrees his proud descent shall trace;
Eight varying tongues each tribe distinct shall prove,
Denied to all the bliss of nuptial love:

Unknown parental ties, or wedded life,
No jealous thoughts produce the party strife;
Theirs is the freedom of the soul severe,
The heart that never yields, and scorns to fear;
One changeless faith, one high devoted aim,
Their mutual bond, their magic spur to fame.
Strict awful compacts bind the warrior host:
No ardent youth their holy zeal can boast,
Beneath their banner hope to range, or wear
The sacred emblem of their ceaseless care,
Till at the Saviour's shrine, when mortals sleep,
Alone, in arms, his midnight watch he keep,
Swear, unrepining at the fate decreed,
Of virtuous poverty the life to lead,—
To suffering merit valour's aid afford,—
Defend till death the Temples of the Lord,—
For true Religion yield his forfeit life,
And wage with Moslem hosts eternal strife.

Thus early taught domestic ties to spurn,
With vengeful ire in battle's hour they burn,
When pious vows inflame the patriot bands,
Or guardian aid the sovereign Chief demands.

One solemn league the warrior tribes obey,
One peerless master's undivided sway;
That sway beneath, again to glory known,
Shall Christian warfare shake Mohammed's throne;
And Othman's race bewail, in peril's hour,
The baseless fabric of their Prophet's power,
Behold dismay'd his erring creed decline,
And learn to tremble for his menaced shrine.

How changed the scene!—where desert rocks arose,
Embattled towers defy invading foes;
And Paynim hosts survey, in pale affright,
Heaven's holy banner waved on Malta's height.

How changed the scene! within the shelter'd bay
Returning barks their wealthy freight display;
And bounteous Commerce spreads her gather'd stores
From distant realms and Nile's prolific shores.
Yet not unknown the guarded port appears
In earlier traffic, and remoter years;
Oft hath Sicilia seen her yellow grain
Borne to these havens o'er the stormy main:
Oft hath the Roman, as his eye survey'd
By Malta's rock his wealthy fleets array'd,
With proud ambition hoped afar to wield
His daring sceptre o'er an ampler field,
With brighter spoils to mark his fearless way,
And bow the distant Indian to his sway.
Nor yet alone the Christian Isle can boast
Defensive bulwarks frowning o'er her coast;

Associate tribes, by peaceful arts refined,
From ancient trammels free th' unletter'd mind;
While from each spring the copious wave that yields
The careful tiller irrigates his fields:
Indulgent Ceres o'er the smiling land
Bids her rich gifts to solar beams expand;
Nectareous vines the spreading elm espouse,
And blushing fruits adorn th' o'erhanging boughs;
Flowers of each hue the cultured earth supplies,
And Nature blooms beneath attemper'd skies.
Nor only these:—in Sculpture's Attic grace
Imperial domes th' admiring eye may trace,
The marble splendours of the pillar'd hall,
The charms pictorial of the tapestried wall,
Where hostile armies urge the deadly fight,
And glittering trophies crown the Christian knight.

'Mid regal mansions, towering high in air
What solemn awe invests the house of prayer!
At yonder porch what piety benign
Bespeaks the guardian of that holy shrine!
E'en now, reveal'd in Fancy's glowing hue,
The bold Apostle bursts upon my view;
Snatch'd from the deep at Heaven's divine command,
His power to save protects the suppliant band,
While pitying natives, awe-struck at his mien,
Gaze in mute wonder on th' unwonted scene:
How clear he seems from Sin's ungodly taint!
What meek benevolence proclaims the Saint!
Far from the Isle, dispersed at his decrees,
Flies the dark pestilence and foul disease;
No beast of rapine haunts the forest glade,
Or noxious reptile lurks beneath the shade;

E'en the fierce Viper, at th' Apostle's nod,
Forgets her sting, and owns the man of God.
O guest revered! upon thy favour'd Isle
Still deign to pour thy fond approving smile;
In peril's hour a present help afford,
And fill with hope the hearers of thy word!
Still on thine aid as Christian hosts rely,
To Malta's sons the patriot fire supply,
Teach their bold hearts to scorn tyrannic rage,
And holy war with Othman's race to wage.
Reviving glories add to Malta's fame,
And fresh renown adorns her ancient name:
No more the Turk with sanguinary views
'Midst open seas his daring course pursues;
But, while unnerved along his native shore
As Caution bids he plies the trembling oar,
With rancorous hatred to the shades below
In bitter thought he dooms his ceaseless foe,

Plans in his heart the deep revengeful snare,
And calls on Mahomet to grant his prayer.
And lo! Byzantium's countless tribes convene;
On all her shores behold the warlike scene!
In martial pride her daring gallies sweep
Equipp'd for vengeance o'er the foaming deep;
The aid of Tripoli her cause demands,
And arms in Tunis her associate bands.
From the tall rocks that bound his threaten'd coast,
Unmoved the chieftain mark'd th' invading host;
And as the bearded face or turban'd head
The restless foe of Christian flocks betray'd,
In bold defence his warrior train unite,
And Trust in Heaven inspires them for the fight.
The Moslem comes:—o'er Ocean's azure bed
Unnumber'd sails their cloudy shadow spread;

Unnumber'd prows the foamy waves divide,
And the pale Crescent glitters on the tide;
The Moslem comes:—to all his wonted ire
Mistaken faith supplies increasing fire;
Heaven's promised joys infuriate zeal create,
And bright illusions of predestined fate.

How oft, alas! hath Eve her parting ray
Shed o'er each band unwearied in the fray;
How oft hath Morning's orient beam renew'd
The varied fortunes of the bitter feud!
Sad was the scene;—from ramparts scaled in vain
Unpitied fell the dying and the slain;
While deep-mouth'd engines on the foe beneath
Pour'd the slow tortures of impending death:
Convulsed and weltering in the crimson flood
Extended forms proclaim the waste of blood;
Transfix'd with darts, or half-consumed with fire,
In mingled heaps unconquer'd souls expire;

With fatal aim descend the pitchy showers,
And every limb the liquid heat devours.
Yet oh! though brave, though prodigal of life,
The Christian phalanx urged th' unequal strife,
In vain would Valour's knightly arm have proved,
Had Spain's proud Monarch view'd the scene unmoved:
From his paternal throne with fearful eye
He mark'd the peril of his bold ally,
Iberia's ensign on the deep display'd,
And tardy battle waged in Malta's aid.
Then to new fame the Island-fortress rose,
Dispell'd her fear, and triumph'd o'er her foes;
Then with fresh lustre beam'd on every side
Her towery grandeur, and her martial pride;
And high in air her Red-cross flag unfurl'd
Ruled o'er the waves, and awed th' admiring world.

How fair thy lot, ambition's curse unknown,
Blest, peaceful Isle! through years revolving shone;
Unfelt the ills that frantic Warfare brings,
The storms of Faction, and the strife of Kings!
And still for thee enduring Peace had smiled,
Nor hateful Discord had thy shores defiled,
But France, unsated, to her blood-stain'd car
In every climate yoked the fiends of war,
Spread o'er the earth Oppression's galling chains,
And Ruin's cloud o'er Heaven's polluted fanes.
From Alpine mountains, o'er whose mantled snows
Her glittering eagles, fann'd with conquest, rose,
With spoils enrich'd from fair Italia won,
Came hapless Corsica's victorious Son.
With friendship's mien the wily chief beguiles,
Veils his deep treason in dissembling smiles;
And while his lips the hope of peace afford,
His heart designs the carnage of the sword.

Perfidious scourge of Europe's dark'ning hour!
Then trembled Malta at thy fatal power;
Then burst again the battle's awful roar,
Then were her altars dyed again in gore;
Reft were her temples of each gift divine,
And slain her champions at their holy shrine.
Yet not unscathed return'd th' insulting foe;
Heaven's equal justice dealt th' avenging blow;
Bear witness, Nile! amidst thy crimson flood,
Tell, Alexandria! on thy plain of blood,
When Albion's banner waved at Freedom's call,
How droop'd the eagles of affrighted Gaul!
Oh! while triumphant pæans rend the air,
What mournful thoughts the Victor's joy impair!
With arms reversed the conquering train proceeds,
And Valour weeps,—for Abercrombie bleeds.
Lamented Chief! thy native Isle in vain
Awaits exulting thy victorious train;

Prepares in vain the laurel crown, and rears
The votive tablet honour'd by her tears.
Lamented Chief! while Gallic ire renew'd,
Of peace disdainful, spreads the martial feud,
Do thou, blest shade! where Freedom's cause demands,
Again inspire thy Britain's patriot bands;
With zeal like thine bid every bosom glow,
To gain fresh triumphs o'er the treacherous foe.
The time shall come, nor far remote the hour,
When Fate shall crush th' Usurper's hateful power;
When the proud Tyrant, hurl'd from Glory's throne,
Restored to Gaul her rightful King shall own;
And Peace returning with her blissful train
O'er realms united through the world shall reign.
And thou, bright Isle! whose sea-girt rocks of yore
A generous tribe of dauntless warriors bore,

Again, fair Malta! shalt thou gladly trace
The new-born lustre of thy ancient race;
Again thy shores the busy scene shall boast,
And sails unnumber'd seek thy favour'd coast:
Then holy Freedom,—not the frantic Queen,
That pants for blood on War's polluted scene,
But the meek Goddess, who, remote from strife,
Gilds with her smile the joys of peaceful life,—
Upheld by Britain's faithful aid, shall raise
To nobler height the fame of future days.

NOTES.

Verse 30—59. Malta was given by the Emperor Charles V. to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, when driven out of Rhodes by the Turks in 1530. They were required to be of noble birth by both parents for four generations, and were under vows of celibacy and perpetual war with the Infidels. They were divided into eight *langues*, or tongues, of which three were French, two Spanish, one Italian, one German, and originally one English; but, on the Reformation, succeeded by the Anglo-Bavarian.

Ver. 133. St. Paul is supposed to have been shipwrecked here, and to have cursed all venomous creatures, which now are not to be found in the whole island.

Ver. 165. The siege of Malta by the Turks in 1565, which continued for four months, will be for ever memorable as a display of the most heroic valour on the part of the knights, under their Grand Master, La Valette; to whose determined courage and resolution the preservation of the island was chiefly owing. At one period a majority of the knights were of opinion that the town was not tenable; but at this crisis, Don

Garcia, Viceroy of Sicily, by order of the King of Spain, sent over a body of troops, on the report of whose arrival the Turks immediately raised the siege and embarked.

Ver. 226. In 1798 Malta fell into the hands of the French, but was soon after taken by the British, and confirmed to them by the treaty of Paris in 1814.

Ver. 246. Sir Ralph Abercrombie was commander-in-chief of the expedition to Egypt, and landing, after a severe contest, at Aboukir on the 8th of March, 1801, completely defeated the French on the 21st of the same month at the battle of Alexandria, in which he was slain. His body was conveyed to Malta, and interred beneath the Castle of St. Elmo, and a monument was voted to him by Parliament in St. Paul's Cathedral.

THE END.

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